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Songs of the East,

BY

MRS W. S. CARSHORE.

Re-Printed with Additions and a Life of the Authoress.

CALCUTTA :

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1871.

To Eugenie,
EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH,

THIS
LITTLE VOLUME
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
HER HUMBLE BUT SINCERE ADMIRER,

MARY CARSHORE.

Rajapore, 25th Sept., 1854.

PREFACE

IN submitting this little work to the Public, tho' greatly encouraged by the partial and favorable opinions and suggestions of friends, who in defiance of all past warnings, will now and ever after persist in seeing with none but their own partial eyes,—the Authoress, it will readily be supposed, must naturally feel a diffidence and hesitation in thus venturing to appear before the world, and cannot be without many doubts and fears as to her success ; yet, notwithstanding, these have not sufficed to scare her from the task to which more powerful motives urged her on, nor can she with any truth affirm, that her feelings are now entirely of distrust and diffidence ; no “ but with a hope ” she gives forth her unpretending little volume, trusting that a kind and indulgent public will give it a favorable reception. Born and reared on Indian soil, she cannot boast an extensive or intimate acquaintance with the literature of the West, and her only object in publishing the following tales and songs has been, to give a more correct idea of native customs and manners, than she has yet observed Europeans to possess, seconded of course by that instinctive thirst for fame implanted in the human breast. This acknowledgment, she trusts, will disarm the severity of those who might otherwise be disposed to be too critical.

, 25th Sept. 1854.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Memoir of a Sister	i—xxi
Address to the Empress Eugenie of the French	1
A Tale of Cashmere	3
To my Father on his Birthday Anniversary	30
Stanzas to the 16th of October,—My Mother's Birthday ..	33
To Clarence in Heaven	34
To * * * during a Long and Painful Trial	38
To Clarence, One Month Old	39
To Clarence, on the Second Anniversary of his Birthday ..	41
To "My Mother"	43
"Parrot of the Far Land"	44
Bridal Song	45
Bridal Song,—translated to the Original Air	46
Song,—translation	47
Village Song,—translated to the Original Air	48
Fakir's Song,—Kya Tuckia kya Pullung	49
Song for the Rains,—to the Original Air	50
Song,—translation	51
The Bhowra and the Chumpa,—an Eastern Legend	52
On Madame B.'s Death	55
To Annie	56
Sonnet	57

	<i>Page</i>
Song,—“ In the Silence of the Night”	58
“ Herod’s Lament for Mariamne”	59
Song of the Dying	61
Stanzas	62
Mary’s Eye of Blue	64
Elegy on the Death of M. D. D.	65
Song	68
To my Sister	69
A Morning Walk early in September . ..	70
“ You told me once by Moonlight”	72
Song	74
The Wreath and the Dream	75
Stanzas	76
Stanzas	78
Serenade	81
Fancy and Reason,—a Legend	82
The Jumna’s Victim, or the Minstrel’s Dream	89
The Greek Girl	94
To my Album	110
Song	113
The Beara Festival	114
Rock of Jungeera	118
The Iviad Harp	122
Stanzas	123
Tityghur	126
The Day of Life	130
When Friends look cold	142

Page.

On the Opening of the Ganges Canal at Roorkee..	..	143.
To Mamma	148
Lines to Sister S. * * * * on her receiving the Religious		
Habit, September 8th, 1842	150
Lines on my Father's Embarkation, December 18th, 1856 ..		152
Main ná kaha ke ya dil—O Heart did I not tell thee—to the		
Original Air	155
Poetical Letter to Mrs. V. * * *	..	156
To Clarence in his Grave	158
Song	160
Song—Air Rousseau's Dream	161
Lines to a Withered Shamrock	162
To my Daughter Violet	165

Memoir of a Sister.

To write the life of a beloved Sister is not an easy task. How many a critic will judge that my partiality has biassed my judgment; but I am content that those who were acquainted with Mrs. Carshore admired her as possessing the most amiable qualities of the heart united to the most brilliant gifts of the mind. MARY SEYERS was born in Calcutta on the 29th April, 1829. As a very young child, her quickness and intelligence often caused remark, and many an old dame predicted of her: "That child will not live, she is too clever," which is usually the fate foretold for all quick children. But she did live to die a most cruel death, with the keenest of pangs to suffer, the most agonizing of scenes to behold,—the murder of her husband and children before her eyes. But I must not anticipate. She evinced at an early age a great taste for study, was very fond of poetry and drawing, trying to imitate the flowers on the porcelain which seem to take her fancy, as she could not find such flowers in the garden. She was a quiet child, and would much prefer being in some corner with her book to romping with companions of her own age; but if allowed to remain near her Mamma she would ask nothing better, especially if she could persuade her to recite Poetry. Her own thoughts were often expressed in

verse. Once having accidentally crushed a worm, she thus apostrophized the unnecessary suffering she had caused it—

“Why keep it in torture, why keep it in pain,

“Can I not restore it to liberty again.”

This was in her eighth year, but other scraps that she composed have been lost. Until she was thirteen, her education was entirely under Mamma's care; she was then placed as boarder in Loretto House. She was the tenth pupil, as the Convent was just established. Here she became a general favorite. One of the young nuns to whom she was very much attached having received the white veil, MARY wrote the lines “To SISTER S..... on her reception, &c. She applied herself very diligently to her studies; carried off a great many of the prizes, and gave great satisfaction to her teachers. But at the end of the second year she became so excited at the Annual Examinations, which were then held in public, that a delirious fever was the consequence, which had such an ill effect on her general health that Mamma removed her from school. She soon recovered, to repay with delighted gratitude those tender cares which maternal love so lavishly bestowed on her. She had now attained the age of fifteen,—an age at which most girls consider themselves free to act as they please, and no longer bound to obey. But though the flattering fondness of parents placed no restraint on her wishes, MARY never acted without consulting them; never murmured at their commands; never allowed a haughty look or an impatient gesture to escape her. No duty to them was ever neglected. Nothing that could give them

pleasure was too hard a task. It was sufficient for her to know their wishes immediately to accomplish them. In truth she was a model of filial piety; and though no great trial of age or necessity brought this virtue to the proof, yet I am certain that she would have been equal, I ought to say superior, to any trial. But I must return to my story. In her quiet country home—Papa was then in the N. W. Provinces in the Opium Service—MARY passed all her leisure hours in painting, mostly in water colors, and writing poetry, and as very few visitors disturbed her daily routine, she had much time unoccupied. Music too was one of her favorite amusements, and often with her guitar she would sing her own songs to her own airs—"WHEN A STAR IS IN THE WEST" and the "SERENADE" were very familiar ones. About this period she commenced the translation of Hindustani songs into English. "WE COME TO ADORE THEE" was one of these; the Hindu girls used to sing it passing on their way to the river, and with the Ayah's assistance she contrived to find out what they sang, and then rendered it into verse. However, as her knowledge of Hindustani was very limited, she could not do much then, but after her marriage she was assisted by Mr. C., who being an excellent Oriental linguist, translated the songs into English prose, and she easily transposed it into verse. But talent was not the only thing she had learned to cultivate in Loretto. Her early piety had been strengthened by examples and proofs of virtue she might vainly have sought elsewhere. From the time she left school she daily spent half an hour in mental prayer, nor did the domestic duties of her married life prevent her attending to this. Though deprived of

all the services of the Church on account of being away from any parish, she did not relent in the pious practices she had learnt in the Convent. She became the angel of home, and spent many hours each day in instructing her little brothers and sisters. No naughty word was suffered in her presence ; no angry feelings allowed to remain in their hearts. She repeated to them all the religious lessons she had been taught in the Convent, and many a useful lesson through life. Though of a most cheerful disposition in company, she was fond of being alone, especially when composing poetry. The melancholy strain which has been noticed as pervading all her pieces came in strong contrast with the merry ringing laugh which echoed in the hearts of all who heard her. She never appeared dull, she had her own sources of enjoyment, the birds and flowers were companions for her, and she would spend her day with them as she tells us she did in the poem, entitled the " DAY OF LIFE." About this period, (*i. e.*, when she was 17) she wrote that piece " TO PAPA ON HIS BIRTHDAY," which has been considered the standard poem in her little volume. Towards the close of the year 1847 Mamma visited Calcutta, bringing MARY and all the children with her. Here, in all the gay circles, she became the admired of all admirers, but I will borrow her own words in the sonnet, " TO ANNIE," to express the sentiments of admiration she herself excited :—

" It was not beauty's short control,
" It was the sweetness of her soul
" That shed a more enduring grace
" Not o'er thy eyes, not o'er thy face
" But round the whole."

She was not described as a pretty girl, but a sweet girl,—and indeed her amiability always discovered itself when any circumstance called it into action. Many offers of marriage were made to her, but the affections of her heart had been early bestowed, and she could not easily forget the name of one, whom obedience to a father's stern decree alone caused her to give up. After years proved how wisely his judgment had guided her.

In 1848 the family returned to Futtepore, where Papa had remained at his post, and in expectation of the return of the family he had the house newly painted, and then went as far as Allahabad to meet them as they were to come by a steamer. On his arrival there he received a letter containing the announcement, that within a few hours after his departure the old homestead had been burnt to the ground, with all the furniture and valuable pictures which he had sent for from Europe, also the family portraits painted by himself. A discharged servant was supposed to have been the incendiary. As there was not another vacant house in the station, great haste had to be made to re-build, and the Opium offices served for a temporary residence. The house being private property, all the expenses fell heavily on Papa, but a kind friend, Mr. E. A. Reade, the Commissioner, knowing his taste for painting, gave him a pleasant and useful task. The Hindoo College at Benares owed a deep debt of gratitude to Warren Hastings, and Mr. R. being a member of the College Committee, obtained seven portraits to be painted by Papa, three of Warren Hastings, three of another benefactor, and one of the Rajah of Benares; for these Papa received a handsome price. MARY's talent

for painting now made her most useful ; she had hitherto contented herself with water colors, but often secretly stolen into Papa's studio and finished what he had begun. Once, when he was in a difficulty about the position of the hands (a trial for most artists), he was called away. On his return he was astonished to find them painted ; he immediately called Mamma, who was in the secret, and told her the circumstance, adding this had often happened to him before, and he could not account for it ; Mamma sent for MARY, who, thinking she was discovered, owned herself the culprit. Papa immediately procured an easel for her, and told her she must help him, and that she would soon paint better than he did. The old homestead was rebuilt, and received the name of Phoenix Hall, rising more beautiful from its own ashes than it had been before its destruction, as it had been a bungalow, and was now built flat-roofed like the houses in Calcutta. It served as a fort to Sir H. Havelock during the mutiny.

MARY was married in 1850 to William Samuel Carshore, Collector of Customs in the Salt Department. Up to the period of his marriage he had been very careless and extravagant, keeping fine horses, camels, &c., and his house was a welcome *rendezvous* for all bachelor acquaintances ; consequently he was overwhelmed with debt ; but within two years MARY had cleared all. As to her house-keeping she certainly was a proof that talented women need not of necessity be bad house-keepers ; she had everything so well ordered that the most fastidious taste could not find aught to criticize in her domestic arrangement or furniture. A year had scarcely passed when a serious charge was brought against Mr. C.... by the

malice of a brother officer, but not a single point could be proved, and after four months Mr. C..... returned triumphant to his post. MARY spent those four months with Mamma, and Clarence, her first child, was born during that time. This circumstance no doubt endeared him to her more than her other children. The lines "TO CLARENCE, ONE MONTH OLD" were written about this period, also "To * * * * during a long and painful trial." Before he returned home Mr. C..... became a Catholic; he was received into the Church on the same day that Clarence was baptized. But MARY had not said a word to induce him to the change. No controversial arguments ever passed between them! Yet he testified, it was she who had converted him, not by argument of words, but by the strongest of arguments,—*example*. He became a sincere and pious Christian. As to her devotedness to her children, a cry from one of them was enough to make her drop her pen or her brush, and hasten to see what was the matter; but what need have I to speak of her love for them; her feelings are sufficiently expressed in her poems. Indeed if her words are to be taken literally, Clarence was "her erring soul's idolatry." "Her heaven-eclipsing star." But during the two years he was lent to her, never did she neglect a single duty for him. Her greatest delight was to see him fold his little hands and bow his head as if in prayer, and he learnt to do this even before he could speak. Does she not say—

"Rise then, bow thy head down lowly,

"Bend it lowly to the sod;

"Lift those little hands yet holy;

"Early lift them up to God."

Clarence was very intelligent and devoted to his Mamma, anything she asked was immediately done; no dose was too bitter for "Mamma's sake." One of his peculiarities was a dislike for food; no fruit, no delicacy could tempt him; he would always try to hide at meal time; then, when all artifice failed, he would be brought to his Mamma, and for her once asking he would eat anything. At that early age—he died before completing his third year—he betrayed a taste for drawing, and with a piece of chalk would go about sketching on all the doors and windows to the horror of his bearers, and when the scrawl pleased him, it was "Papa" or "Mamma," but if he did not like it, it was Mr. J..... a visitor to whom he took an unaccountable dislike. Once the khansamah gave him some small change to bring to his Mamma; the little fellow found her at her devotions, and instead of putting the money into her hands, he laid it on the table, and knelt down behind her, waiting till she was done. At his death, which was caused by croup, MARY fretted so much that she became very ill, and her life was for some months despaired of. At this time she wrote the lines "LOVE ME NOT." Had she known the fate that awaited her other children, she would almost have been glad to have him die so quietly. The last thing he did was to take a spoonful of oil which MARY, not understanding his malady, held to his lips. At first he turned away, but on her saying "for Mamma's sake" he took it, though it must have been torture to swallow it. She sat beside the little corpse for two days without any nourishment or rest, and could not be persuaded that he was dead.

In 1854 she published her little volume of poems. It was kindly received by all the Reviews except one. D. L. R....., then Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, took umbrage at the idea of a *débutante* daring to find fault with Moore, and himself. But years after, in a book entitled "FLOWERS AND FLOWER GARDENS," he partly justified her, saying that as Mrs. C..... had been born in this country, she ought to know something of its customs ; on which point alone MARY had attempted to correct the poet of Erin and the " Bulbul of India."

In her notes to *Miscellaneous Pieces*, she says :—

It was the Beara festival. Much has been said on the Beara or floating lamp, but I have never yet seen a correct description. Moore mentions that Lalla Rookh saw a solitary Hindoo girl bring her lamp to the river. D. L. R. says the same, whereas the Beara festival is a Moslem feast that takes place once a year in the monsoons, when thousands of females offer their vows to the patron of rivers. " 'Moslem Jonas,' Kharij Khoddir, is the Jonas of the Mussulman ; he, like the prophet of Nineveh, was for three days inside a fish, and for that reason is called the patron of rivers."

D. L. R., quoting these notes, adds :

" I suppose Mrs. Carshore alludes, in the first of these notes, to the following passage in the prose part of Lalla Rookh :—

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange that they stop-

ped their palanquins to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream ; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity ; when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent that often, in the dusk of evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-Jala, or Sea of Stars,) informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous : but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded, and while she saw with pleasure that it was unextinguished, she could not help fearing that " all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river."

" Moore prepared himself for the writing of ' Lalla Rookh ' by long and laborious reading. He himself narrates that Sir James Mackintosh was asked by Colonel Wilks, the Historian of British India, whether it was true that the poet had never been in the East. Sir James replied, " Never." " Well, that shows me," said Colonel Wilks, " that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as

riding on the back of a camel." Sir John Malcolm, Sir William Ouseley and other high authorities have testified to the accuracy of Moore's descriptions of Eastern scenes and customs.

The following lines were composed on the banks of the Hooghly at Cossipore, (many long years ago) just after beholding the river one evening almost covered with floating lamps:—

A HINDU FESTIVAL.

Seated on a bank of green,
Gazing on an Indian scene,
I have dreams the mind to cheer,
And a feast for eye and ear.
At my feet a river flows,
And its broad face richly glows
With the glory of the sun,
Whose proud race is nearly run.

Ne'er before did sea or stream
Kindle thus beneath his beam ;
Ne'er did miser's eye behold
Such a glittering mass of gold !
'Gainst the gorgeous radiance float,
Darkly, many a sloop and boat,
While in each the figures seem
Like the shadows of a dream :
Swiftly, passively, they glide
As sliders on a frozen tide.

Sinks the sun—the sudden night
Falls, yet still the scene is bright ;
Now the fire-fly's living spark
Glances through the foliage dark,
And along the dusky stream
Myriad lamps, with ruddy gleam,

On the small waves float and quiver,
As if upon the favored river,
And to mark the sacred hour,
Stars had fallen in a shower.

For many a mile is either shore
Illumined with a countless store
Of lustres ranged in glittering rows ;
Each a golden column throws
To light the dim depths of the tide ;
And the moon with all her pride,
Though beautifully her regions glow,
Views a scene as fair below.

D. L. R.

Mrs. Carshore alludes, I suppose, to the above lines, or the following sonnet, or both perhaps, when she speaks of my erroneous Orientalism :—

SCENE ON THE GANGES.

The shades of evening veil the lofty spires
Of proud Benares' fanes ! A thickening haze
Hangs o'er the stream. The weary boatmen raise
Along the dusky shore their crimson fires
That tinge the circling groups. Now hope inspires
Yon Hindu maid, whose heart true passion sways,
To launch on Gunga's flood the glimmering rays
Of love's frail lamp, but, lo the light expires !
Alas ! what sudden sorrow fills her breast !
No charm of life remains. Her tears deplore
A lover lost : and never, never more
Shall hope's sweet vision yield her spirit rest !
The cold wave quenched the flame—an omen dread
That telleth of the faithless, *or the dead !*

D. L. R.

Horace Hayman Wilson, a high authority on all Oriental customs, clearly alludes, in the following lines, to the launching of floating lamps by *Hindu* females :—

Grave in the tide the Brahmin stands,
 And folds his cord or twists his hands,
 And tells his beads, and all unheard
 Mutters a solemn mystic word.
 With reverence the Sudra dips,
 And fervently the current sips,
 That to his humbler hope conveys
 A future life of happier days.
 But chief do India's simple daughters
 Assemble in these hallowed waters,
 With vase of classic model laden
 Like Grecian girl or Tuscan maiden,
 Collecting thus their urns to fill
 From gushing fount or trickling rill,
 And still with pious fervour they
 To Gunga veneration pay ;
 And with pretenceless rite prefer
 The wishes of their hearts to her.
 The maid or matron, as she throws
Champa or lotus, *Bel* or rose,
 Or sends the quivering light afloat
 In shallow cup or paper boat,
 Prays for a parent's peace and wealth,
 Prays for child's success and health,
 For a fond husband breathes a prayer,
 For progeny their loves to share ;
 For what of good on earth is given
 To lowly life, or hope in heaven.

IL. H. W.

On seeing Mrs. Carshore's criticism I referred the subject to an intelligent Hindu friend, from whom I received the following answer :—

MY DEAR SIR,

The *Beera*, strictly speaking, is a Mahomedan festival. Some of the lower orders of the Hindus of the N. W. Provinces, who have borrowed many of their

customs from the Mahomedans, celebrate the *Beara*. But is not observed by the Hindus of Bengal, who have a festival of their own similar to the *Beara*. It takes place on the evening of the *Saraswati Poojah*, when a small piece of bark of the plaintain tree is fitted out with all the necessary accompaniments of a boat, and is launched in a private tank with a lamp. The custom is confined to the women, who follow it in their own house or in the same neighbourhood. It is called the *Sooa Dooa Breta*.

Yours truly,

“Mrs. Carshore, it would seem, is partly right and partly wrong. She is right in calling the *Beara* a Moslem festival. It is so ; but we have the testimony of Horace Hayman Wilson to the fact that *Hindu maids and matrons also launch their lamps upon the river*. My Hindu friend acknowledges that his countrymen in the N. W. Provinces have borrowed many of their customs from the Mahomedans, and though he is not aware of it, it may yet be the case, that some of the Hindus of *Bengal*, as elsewhere, have done the same, and that they set lamps afloat upon the stream to discover by their continued burning or sudden extinction the fate of some absent friend or lover.”

So much for D. L. R.

Some good Catholics have found fault with Mary for not displaying a more Catholic tone in her poems, but her's was a different spirit, she kept her religion for herself, not for others ; she would not force her views or belief

on any one: had she intended to publish hymns she would have changed the title of "Songs of the East." The Rock of Jungeera gave especial offence, on account of her speaking of the faith of the hermit pointing up to heaven, like the flame of his little lamp. Our pious friends thought this undoctrinal to speak of faith in a Mahomedan. But MARY had only used a poet's license in employing the metaphor.

And now I am come to the most painful part of my task, the account of her death. How can I describe it? how relate what even strangers shudder to read? Several accounts found currency in the papers, but the most detailed one was published in the *Phoenix*, supposed to have been written by a Baboo from Mr. Carshore's office. The Baboo says, that on the evening of the 4th, about five o'clock, as Mr. Carshore was in the office, Colonel Skene rode up to say the sepoys in the fort had rebelled. Col. Skene was commanding the Star Fort of Jhansi with 2,000 native infantry, and only a few European officers. So he disbanded and disarmed them, and having provision and ammunition for a month he summoned all the residents into the fort. Here they would have been safe had not Capt. Burgess taken a native servant with him, who opened a postern gate and admitted the sepoys; but as only one could enter at a time, Capt. B. stood behind the gate and shot 21 of them. Then an attack was made which was very easily repelled, as there were many guns fixed in a commanding position. The rebels finding it impossible to gain any advantage while they remained in the fort, offered to make a truce, and promised to conduct the Europeans safely to Calpee by boat if they gave up their arms. Most unadvisedly they accepted the terms

and left the fort. This was on the morning of the 8th June 1857. They went out of the fort and along the road to the river, and when they reached a *baugh* or mangoe tope, a sowar (rider) overtook them, and said to the native officer commanding, that the Ranee would give them 2,000 Rupees if they killed all the Christians. They were immediately brought into the grove or *baugh*, where the gentlemen were first massacred and then the children, and last of all the mothers. This refinement of cruelty was the height of their vengeance, for they did not, as in Cawnpore, add insult to their deeds of cold blood. Colonel Skene, however, was fearful that such might be the case, and having secreted a double-barreled pistol, at the last moment drew it out, and kissing his wife, told her he would protect her with a sure defence; then having shot her, he blew out his own brains. The Baboo went on to say that little Arthur, the eldest of MARY's children, was taught by his bearer to beg for his parents' lives. But the answer he received was a dagger into his heart. He was just 5 years of age at the time; the youngest, Herbert, scarcely 6 months old. How MARY stood this scene I cannot imagine, save that "Reason reeled, and grief went wild." How she stood and uttered no cry, and sought no means of escape, unless she was bound, is to me a mystery, knowing her energetic, impulsive character, and her deep, tender, yearning love for her darlings. But suffice it to say they were all murdered and then thrown into a well. A monument has been since built over it.

In the letter she wrote to Mrs. V..... on the 2nd of June, she said she would bury her "undying child,"

meaning the volume of poems she was preparing for the press, under a pillar in the garden where she had an arbour of vines, under which they used to sit in the summer evenings.

Such was the life and death of my beloved sister. Truly I may ask—"Is this the end of one adored like thee?" I will conclude with an extract, which will excuse my partiality if I have been too unqualified in my praise of one who, while the *couleur de rose* still lighted my horizon, appeared to me the most lovely, most gifted, and purest creature the earth possessed; and that others, not her sisters, thought almost as highly of her this extract will prove. I will give it entire.

"The works of the unfortunate Mrs. Carshore, who met at Jhansi with so bloody and untimely a fate at the hands of the mutineers, are next reviewed by the Editor. Her "TALE OF CASHMERE" certainly contains wild and beautiful poetry. As a sample take the following lines selected from the description of Hafiz Ali's emotion at sight of Noor Ufshan's lifeless body:—

"Does he think she sleeps, that he wipes her brow,
As he gently lifts her head?
Or dream she will wake that he clasps her now?
He cannot wake the dead!
Does he think she can hear, that he breathes her name
As he softly parts her hair?
Does he think she'll return? that the lifeless frame
Will rekindle
And yet he looks and gazes long,
As life depended on that gaze,
While memory paints such recent wrong
And all the love of former days."

But we think that her writings are wanting chiefly in depth and strength. Our taste may be questionable, and we know that there are some good judges who greatly admire her works. But alas! praise or censure are alike unheeded by the dead. A friend of hers, to whom we applied for some particulars of the ill-fated poetess, writes in these affecting terms :—

“ Do you allude to her having written to me (a few days, poor thing! before she was murdered with her husband and four children) telling me that she would bury, in case of danger, her MSS. in a particular part of the garden, and that in case I was “more fortunate” than she, (she seemed to anticipate her sad fate), she bequeathed them to me to publish or do as I best pleased with. Her words were, “and I bequeath to you this my undying child.” But she, with others, hurried to the Fort of Jhansi, taking their valuables with them; they left it to die, and what became of their little treasures is not known, destroyed most likely.

Or did you wish me to tell you how beautiful and talented she was, how wonderful her poetry, painting, and music, for one so untaught. Those who criticize her books should rather dwell on what such a talented woman might have become, with opportunities and education, than on what she was. Truly her education was limited to about one year in a Convent at Calcutta. She was one of those women we read of in books, but seldom see in real life—good, beautiful, talented, and pious without cant. She was a sincere Catholic, and by virtue of her example her husband became a Catholic also, not by any attempt of her’s to convert him. She was very sensitive, and now that

she is gone, I am sensitive for her—so pray let her goodness and beauty rise before you, and in consideration of them criticize mildly—the goodness must subdue, and the beauty dazzle your judgment. Do you remember those lines about some one's faults which end “look in her face and you will forget them all.” Conjure up to your imagination a face very like that of the pictures of Lord Byron's “Maid of Athens,” extremely gentle, with the softest dark eyes, and let them plead if you feel tempted to be severe, or I may say just, and do not let them plead in vain.”

Now as a *friend* speaks thus, a *sister* may be pardoned for saying more, and if my kind readers find nothing to praise in my simple tale, will they at least pass over what deserves blame, especially in the following verses:—

Lines to my Martyred Sister Mary.

A vision passed before mine eyes,
A sad ungodly scene—
In Jhansi's Fort I stood apart
And gazed as in a dream.
'Twas at the time in India's land
The lawless rebels rose,
And vengeance wild their gathering cry
And death unto their foes.
But know! ye ruthless fiends, know!
That blood for blood is given,
And British arms will avenge the deed,
Until their strength is riven.
Ye heartless cowards! this sad sight
My heart is sore to see!

Such gentle beings, such helpless babes
To meet such cruelty !
My lovely, angel sister dear,
Thine eyes were never formed
To look on scenes as these, or hear
Such vengeful threatenings stormed ;
And oh ! the bitter, bitter pang
Thy husband's fate to see.
And merciless those blood-stained hands
To wreak such cruelty.
Still in my vision I behold
The same heart-rending scene,
Thy stately form, thy flowing robes,
Thy sad, yet lovely mien.
Thy head upon thy breast is bowed
And clasped in prayer thy hands ;
But what is this ! O cruelty !
Art thou to wear those fettered bands !
But who can tell the anguish deep
To know thy lovely babes must die ;
Now death alone can bring relief
And close for aye thine ailing eye.
Oh ! hasten not this scene of blood,
Great God ! in pity mark !
A fair young child is on his knees
Around him faces dark !
The prayer that Jesus taught to us
 In accents of a child,
Is incense rising up to Heaven,
 And cries for vengeance wild.
He rises from his little knees
And pleads—but words are vain

To move those hearts if e'er they felt
Will ne'er be moved again.
"Oh! spare," he said, the "others here
And gladly I will die;
Oh! spare my father, mother dear,
But let me say—Good-bye."
They answered him in roughest tones,
They tore his limbs apart,
Oh God! Thou see'st from heaven above
The parent's bleeding heart.
And when this world's vain fleeting show
Has run its course away,
What joy 'twill be to see and know
Thee in splendour's bright array.
Mary, martyred Sister dear,
To thee a crown is given,
For those who've lived and died for God
Will shine for aye in heaven.

Address to the Empress Eugenie of the French.

O Lady ! in an unremembered land
Far in the East, a child of song did dwell,
Who dreamed one day, that his unworthy hand
Could blend thy name with music from his shell ;
And over-boldly dared aspire to raise
His feeble note in thine exalted praise.

He met his just requital, Lady mine !
And bitterly did expiate the wrong ;
For his high soul jarred to each puny line
Of the ambitious and unequal song ;
And crushed in the essay of its endeavour
The strain expired, and perished there for ever.

And now a less adventurous minstrel stands
To tune her lyre, O Empress ! in thy name ;
With timid, quivering heart, and trembling hands
But brow elate, and soul of kindling flame ;

A TALE OF CASHMERE.

And the glories of sunset that light up the skies
Might ravish with rapture unprejudiced eyes.
But that fairy-like blending of gems, lights and flowers,
And that meeting of merry young groups of the gay
And the lovely, beguiling the sweet moonlight hours
With sport, love and music, with dancing and play.²
O these are not there, for the maidens and youths
May mingle O never in moments of mirth ;
Let my muse then confine her to genuine truths,
And sing the sad tale of a daughter of earth.

The sunset tints are flitting from the sky,
The evening shades are closing o'er the vale ;
The fading hill-tops lose their rosy dye,
The ploughman's song from far comes on the gale.
And weeping roses breathe a pensive sigh,
And darkness gathers, while the nightingale
Pours the wild music of her thrilling tale
Of rapturous grief—One bright star from the west
Looks gently on the scene with humid ray,
Pitying the griefs that rack the human breast ;

The errors and the strife of mortal clay—
Which struggles for a while, and then is pass'd away.

The moon, now riding the meridian sky,
Flings her soft beams o'er the Cashmerian lake ;
Hush ! what was that low sound—the zephyr's sigh ?

Hist there again ! sleep I, or do I wake ?
It came from yonder myrtle thicket, soft !
A female form reclines there—I'll draw near,
Oft have I marked those lovely features oft,
And marvelled at their beauty with a tear ;
And yet does memory play the traitress here ;
Ah ! now methinks I know her—it is clear.

Alas ! it is the wandering maniac girl ;
I do remember her low plaintive tones,
And that she loved to hear the water purr
And see the ripples break upon the stones ;
And her most beauteous face who could forget ?
Or those deep ever-melancholy eyes
Within whose starry midnight passion lies
Sleeping, not dead—she does not heed me yet.

A TALE OF CASHMERE.

How strangely pale and wan she looks, poor maid !

She sings : her thoughts are sometimes linked things ;
I'll note her words, screened by the cypress shade,
With what a sweet heart-broken air she sings !

SONG.

This is my nuptial hour,
My bridegroom calls me home ;
Where is the sahala³ flower ?
I come, O death, I come.

2.

The shroud my bridal veil,
My gems the moonlit dew,
My bridal song, the wail,
The owlet shall renew

3.

Why sinks my pulse away ?
My hands grow cold and white ;
Is it the pale moon's ray,
Or the breath of the winter's night ?

4.

What makes my blood to freeze,
Why do my eyes grow dim ?
Is it the chill night-breeze
Or the cold damp breath of him

5.

Upon whose frozen breast,
Soon wrapped in icy sleep ;
I shall for ever rest,
And there forget to weep ?

6.

Yet why this deep despair ?
It is not sad to die ?
Is not my bridegroom fair ?
With his hollow lightless eye.

7.

What, tho' he's not like him
A youth whom once I knew—
What, tho' his face be grim,
Oh he will be more true.

8.

I once thought life was sweet,
And once I dreamt of love ;
And, kneeling at my feet,
He seemed a trembling dove.

9.

Bright was his snowy brow,
His voice more sweet than spring's ;
I listened to his vow
But I forgot his wings.

10

'Tis a fair bridal night,
Ye phantoms raise your song ;
Dance in the pale moonlight
I join your ghostly throng.

Hush thee, poor lost one—let me comfort thee :
Cheerless thy lot and sad thy destiny.
Look up, sweet one—She's dead, she breathes no more !
But now she sang—anon and all is o'er.

Alas! poor stricken heart! 'tis broke at last,
And all its anguish, all its cares are past!
Peace! peace! bruised reed! by death at last befriended,
Rest, rest thou weary one! thy woes are ended.

Sad was her tale, I've heard it told

By hoary sage and ancient dame:

The daughter of a chieftain bold,

Brave Hyder Ali was his name.

She was his only child, and sooth

He loved his motherless sweet girl,

And early to a noble youth

He plighted his one priceless pearl.

How joyously the moments flew

O'er the fair infant bride,

Who 'neath a parent's fond eyes grew

By love's devoted side;

But scarce two rolling seasons past

O'er the young maid, when woe!

Inveterate death's cold chilling blast

Laid noble Hyder low;

Then straight Noor Ufshan^t was conveyed

Her bridegroom's strange new home to share.

O'erwhelmed with grief, and half afraid
Of kind but strange new faces there ;
But time soon sooth'd the orphan's anguish,
For youth loves not to dwell with tears ;
And young love, who not long will languish,
Dream'd of a hope pursu'd for years,
And busy whispers soon were heard
Of bright events now shortly dawning.
The bridal was the signal word
For babblers neath night's starry awning.
At length the day was fix'd, and sounds
Of preparation rose still higher ;
Enquiring matrons paid their rounds
To criticise the bridal tire ;
But war hath call'd the bridegroom far,
And swift the unwelcome tidings came,
He fell beneath the conquering star
Of victory shining o'er his name.
Noor Ufshan was too young, 'twas well !
To prize her matchless loss aright.
Scarce thirteen summers could she tell,
And yet she wept him day and night ;

Scarce had she seen her bridegroom's face,
For decorous maidens hide their eyes ;
But well she knew the unhonor'd place
A widow holds 'neath Eastern skies,
Full well she understood her fate :
Her loveless, hopeless, joyless life.
Full well she knew the ills that wait
On wedded maid and widow'd wife.
A numbness fell upon her heart,
Withering it in its earliest spring ;
And, stunned with grief, she sat apart,
A hapless, scorn'd, unpitied thing,
Denied the toilet's graceful art,
The merry dance, the light of flowers ;
Forbid to cheer her lonely heart
With song or lute to wile her hours.
Excluded from her wonted share
In all the thousand nameless cares,
Which, tho' of import light as air,
To eastern maidens moment bears.
An alien to each social joy,
Her heart still warm with hope and love ;

Youth's feelings will not all destroy,
 Tho' crushed around, below, above.
Too young to have treasured up love's past,
 She dares not dream of future bliss ;
Decorum, rigid to the last,
 Stern usage bar a hope in this.
Misfortune chased misfortune fast,
 Woe tripped the heels of woe,
Till poverty's fatal freezing blast
 At length began to blow.
Then every eye was turn'd on her,
 Each finger pointed to her,
She was the cause, the harbinger
 Of ill, who slew⁵ her wooer.
'Twas vain—she had endur'd and shared
 Their sorrows with her kindred ;
She was the luckless one, ill-starr'd,
 Whose absence might have hind' red.
“ Until she came,” each voice exclaimed,
 “ Her husband's race had flourished.
“ Noor Ufshan—O ! how falsely named—
 “ A serpent have we nourished.”

'Twas vain to plead her innocence
To bosoms so unfeeling :
Hate was her only recompense,
Her only balm and healing.
No longer watched with jealous care,
On others now her care bestowing ;
But free to roam, none asked her where,
And few cared whither she was going.
The household drudge, she daily strays—
While withered beauties hide their faces—
On menial tasks—to vulgar gaze
Exposing young attractive graces.
The fuel gathered from the wood,
The water fetch'd from limpid brooks,
Which, kissing the feet of one so good,
With trembling joy return'd her looks.
'Twas in this dearth of kindliness,
And love at home, she met with one
Whose gallant air and frank address
Young beauty's heart might well have won.
He track'd her steps, hung round her path,
Haunted, pursued her night and morn,

Unheeding frowns of seeming wrath,
And undismayed by careless scorn.
Nor long in silence followed he,
Nor long in vain adored and sighed,
Nor long unheeding listened she,
Nor long, yet long, ere she replied.
He woo'd her at the morning's prime
Beside the crystal stream,
He woo'd her at the evening time
'Neath the twilight's rosy beam,
When the sweet night-wind sighs thro' the pine
While the silent dews descend,
And in the horizon's mingling line
Heaven and earth seem to blend.

"O heaven ne'er made those hands to hold
"Such toilsome loads uncouth ;
"But with the weight of gems and gold
"To be borne down in sooth.
"And heaven ne'er meant those tender feet
"To tread a path so rude ;
"And cheeks so fair and eyes so sweet
"With tears to be bedewed.

- “ Be mine, my queen, my peerless girl,
“ Begirt with homage, wealth and power ;
“ Arrayed in gems and strings of pearl,
“ Might be a princess’ dower.
“ Heed not their caffer harsh decree
“ That bids thee take no second vows ;
“ For, trust me, tho’ it frown on thee
“ Refusing yet it still allows.
“ And those who love as thou and I,
“ And bravely for love’s sake defy
“ The shafts of scorn, nor basely shrink
“ The Nicca’s rites consent to link.
“ And if these be inferior ties
“ To holier bonds contracted first ;
“ These willing links more dear we’ll prize
“ Than those unsought from childhood nursed.
“ And tho’ by earlier right, this breast
“ Another claims to share with thee,
“ Thou’lt be my first, last, only best,
“ Her Queen thy minist’ring servant she.⁶
“ For that same thrice unjust command
“ That tramples thy fair sex, O ! shame !

“To mine has with too liberal hand

“Four spousals given the right to claim.”⁷

With every vow her ear he filled

That man hath ever framed or fit ;

Since first he woo'd when he hath willed

To win, and baffled woman's wit.

O never doubt but she was fain

To trust him truest, fondest, best ;

And all his love repaid again

With love's usurious interest.

And blame her not, that, thus beloved,

She strove no longer to withstand ;

But fled to hold a place approved

And sanctioned by religion's hand.

Loud was the outcry fierce that burst

From cruelty and hatred foiled ;

When roused suspicion woke at first

And like an angry snake uncoiled.

Doubt led to search, and search to truth,

“She's fled !” and louder grew reviling ;

While she, the cause, from her fond youth
Heard of their wrath, in safety smiling.

Six bright brief months of wedded joy
Had past away without alloy ;
The long betrothed bride had come
To share her husband's love and home.
But little of his love she shared,
And little Hafiz Ali cared ;
For the pale quiet patient girl,
Who too content with gaud and pearl,
Ne'er seemed to have a thought beyond,
Nor dream her bridegroom should be fond ;
A while a short and treacherous calm
Fell on their hearts, like soothing balm.
Noor Ufshan was the first to wake,
And the insidious slumber break ;
Her trembling heart's ill-omened fear
Forewarned her of some danger near.
Nor vain, nor causeless were the fears
That woke her sighs and drew her tears ;
For offspring had been yet denied^s
To her and to her sister bride.

Too soon those fears were realized :
She watched the heart she dearly prized,
Passing away,—the altered air,—
The look estranged that met her where
Nought else but fondness met her yet,
She saw it, and her sun had set.
A lovely rival soon was brought,
And all Noor Ufshan once had thought
Her right, was to the stranger yielded ;
 Who, mistress of a heart new caught,
 Which had all former vows forgot,
With wild caprice her sceptre wielded.

When lo ! she hath brought forth an heir,
Alas ! for them the childless pair ;
Who, boasting not an equal honor,
In servile office wait upon her.
And every base unworthy slight
 That grovelling bosoms can devise ;
When tyrants would display their might,
 In merit crushed to vulgar eyes.
The daily insult, hourly sneer,
Th' unfeeling taunt, the mocking jeer,

The newer favorite heaps upon
The former, now discarded one.
Even she, who holds the highest claim,
And rightest title to the name
Of wife, may not escape her share
Of trials and of sufferings there.

And did no word of anger fall
From her who deepest felt the wrong ?
In silence did she suffer all,
In secret weep and suffer long ?
Her proud lips uttered no complaint,
Her proud heart drank its tears of blood ;
Her brow was calm, her soul might faint,
But she stood unsubdued, unmoved.
Nor made one effort to recover
The heart she once had treasured dearly ;
And ceased to prize the fickle lover,
So quickly won and lost so early.
Meanwhile a busy scene was acting
Of noisy revel, feast and joy ;
Profuse and lavish waste exacting
To grace the advent of the boy.

Around the new-made mother straight
Did hosts of needy claimants wait ;
A clamorous and insatiate brood,
That boast the ties of kindred blood.
Rapacious hordes of poor connexions
Of all degrees, of all descriptions ;
Relations farthest of the name
Contending for the nearest claim.
Till wealth in vain exhausts her store
 To satisfy the craving crowd,
 That, like the hungry locust cloud
Unsated, clamour still for more ;
And locust-like, nor will depart
 Till all is shorn, and stript and bare ;
Alas for him whose aching heart
 Beholds a beggar in his heir.

But mark, a change sweeps o'er the scene .
The valley late that spread so green,
Is now o'erspread with tents of gold,
Of violet, blue and crimson fold.
It is the imperial camp reposes,
Noor Jehan loves the valley's roses,⁹

For nowhere are they half as sweet
As at Cashmeria's mountain feet ;
And 'tis the season of the year
They are the sweetest in Cashmere.

“ What sorrow clouds that brow with sadness
“ When all around is light and gladness ?”
Said, bending tenderly above her,
Noor Ufshan's faithless husband-lover.
With that fond look of old, and tone
That first had made her heart his own ;
And which thro' years of wrong, had still,
In spite of injury, power to thrill.
But 'tis the last expiring sigh
Of outraged love about to die ;
And never shall his voice again
Wake in her soul one answering strain.
But now with a resistless power
Unseals the well-spring of her tears,
Which dropt a thick and burning shower
Frozen and pent for wintry years.
“ Why weeps my flower,” he murmured now,
“ With fading lips and drooping brow ?

“ It is the unchanged monotony
“ Of thy dull life that withers thee.
“ Thou art not happy sweet one ; fate
“ Had formed thee for a nobler state ;
“ Sure nature’s hand had moulded thee
“ To match and mate with majesty :
“ That lofty air, that haughty mein,
“ Were surely fitted for a Queen.”

He paused, as if for her reply,
With unabashed and dauntless eye ;
As tho’ he ne’er had broke a vow,
Nor bore a perjured heart e’en now.
She answered not save by a look
That searched his bosom’s darkest nook ;
When he, with more insidious wile,
Proceeded with complacent smile :
“ How would’st thou like to wear a crown,
“ And call a monarch’s heart thine own ?
“ Sway nations with a smile or frown
“ And share an Emperor’s lofty throne ?
“ Were’t not a worthy destiny
“ For one so beautiful as thee ?”

Awhile he paused, then bolder grown,

He cried with more impetuous tone :

“ Yes ! beauteous girl, the tongue of fame

“ Hath borne to royal ears thy name.

“ Bethink thee of the glorious lot

“ That waits thee ; doubt not, waver not :

“ O hesitate not, I implore

“ By every memory of the past ;

“ By that sweet dream of love that's o'er,

“ O say not 'tis in vain I asked.

“ For thou once by the monarch's side

“ His own belov'd and favorite bride,

“ My broken fortunes by a word,

“ A look, a whisper scarcely heard,

“ Can'st lift to heights that even in dreams

“ To contemplate a madness seems.”

O pity her, who stricken dumb,

Listened aghast, nor stirred nor spoke ;

With heart, soul, sense, appalled and numb,

Pallid as one but half awoke

From some dark dream—at length she cried :

“ Enough to-night !” and from his side

Started and fled with stifled breath,
As tho' from pestilence and death.
He thought 'twas joy's delirious bound,

And calmly went his guilty way ;
And not till night had drawn around
Her starry robe of sombre grey,
Did anxious looks and words betray.

They marked the absence of that one
Too highly favored ; mute dismay
Sat on each face—" fly ! fly ! she's gone !"
" Search" was the watchword, but in vain,
Each baffled one returned again.

But where, think ye, is she they seek ?—
With fevered brow and burning cheek ;
With lightning pulse and scorching vein,
And reeling sense and madd'ning brain,
Where conquered reason's vacant throne
Is by usurping grief o'erthrown.
Would ye know where ?—Go scale the crag
Where bounds the fleet, sure-footed stag ;
Go climb the rugged mountain's side,
Where wild goats leap in freedom's pride :

There thou may'st see a crouching form
Shrinking for shelter from the storm ;
There where the night's inclement blast
And beating rain sweep wildly past.
There is a cavern cold and dank,
Whose porch, with weeds o'ergrown and rank,
Admits thee to a cheerless cell ;
'Twas there the wanderer went to dwell.
There a fond father's only pride,
A bridegroom's dearest hope untried,
There of the hard unfeeling rocks
Obtain'd a shelter with the fox.
From human hearts more hard and cold
Sought refuge in the serpent's hold ;
And found the brutish race more kind,
More true than those she left behind.
The mountain's adamant breast
Yielded her nourishment and rest :
'Twas all the maniac cared or sought,
From man to fly, from man to hide ;
Alas ! how dearly, hardly bought,
Had been that peace that man denied.

Such is the melancholy tale
Of one whose story grief had writ
In tears, and well Cashmeria's vale
Hath deeply, dearly cherished it.

But time fleets on—I must begone ;
Yet yonder corpse so pale and wan,
But stay, some footstep wanders by—
'Tis he, the false-tongued traitor, fate
Hath brought him hither—see his eye
Is caught by those white robes, and straight
He approaches the cold silent bed,
And bends him o'er the solemn dead.
O God ! what vision met his gaze—
He stares in horror's wild amaze—
The tresses of her long black hair,
Unbraided and unbound,
O'er her smooth arms and shoulders fair
Fell streaming on the ground :
Those locks, now wet with heavy dew,
Matted and strewed in dust and earth ;
O say what visions bright they drew
Of trusting love and matchless worth ?

Those silent lips, bereft of breath,
O who can say how loud they spoke,
With the still voiceless tongue of death,
Accusingly of false vows broke.
Those veiled eyes whose lashes sweep
In endless sleep the wasted cheek,
Than living eyes how much more deep
They pierced his soul—O ! who may speak.
O none may know—may none e'er learn
The madd'ning, agonizing sting
Of late remorse beside the urn
Of those repentance cannot bring.
Behold that youth, where now he stands,
But half persuaded of his fears ;
One moment stoops, then wrings his hands,
And turns away in fruitless tears.
Does he think she sleeps, that he wipes her brow
As he gently lifts her head ?
Or dream she will wake, that he clasps her now ?
He cannot wake the dead !
Does he think she can hear, that he breathes her
As he softly parts her hair ?

Does he think she'll return, that the lifeless frame
Will rekindle? No ! shrieks despair.
And yet he looks and gazes long,
As life depended on that gaze ;
While memory paints each recent wrong
And all the love of former days.
He lifts the cold and pulseless hand,
And smoothenes out her shining tresses ;
O ! who untouched, unmoved, could stand
To see his wild and fond caresses ?
To hear him now implore the skies,
Now feel her lips to catch the breath ;
Then look into those rayless eyes
Whose fixed eyelids tell of death.
Then, struck by stern conviction's force,
Awhile he paces to and fro' ;
Then starting, checks his maniac course
In utter wretchedness of woe.
The stars are waning one by one,
And fast the moon is growing pale ;
The morning must be hastening on,
Her fragrant breath perfumes the gale.

But where's the youth?—he lingers yet,
And now, once more, he bends above her ;
O can he e'er thro' life forget
That look, the last when all was over ?
But hold—he quits the dust adored,
Shudd'ring as tho' he felt a wound ;
Then turns the earth with his jewel'd sword,
And lays her gently in the ground.

Time rolls on, and the youth hath found,
Since tears could not restore him,
The bright eyes slumb'ring in the ground,
There were brighter eyes before him.
He joined the careless song and dance,¹⁰
And laughed in the twilight dim ;
And seldom came a thought perchance
Of the heart that broke for him.
Forsaken in life, and forgotten in death,
She sleeps where the bright waters rest ;
Where the tall grass waves with the night wind's [breath,
And the wild flower nods on her breast.

To my Father on his Birthday Anniversary.

Hail glorious morn—thrice welcome once again !

Oft may thy beams returning gild the skies ;
Tho' death may close my eye and hush my strain,
Oft shall my spirit watch thy dawn arise.

My Father ! O that name is full of love !

It falls like heavenly music on the ear ;
It tells of one protecting hand above,
And one supporting arm to shelter here.

It tells of one whose mercy will forgive,
It speaks of shelter which all else deny ;
It tells the stricken of a spot to live

When thro' the world it seeks somewhere to die.
My Father ! Oh 'tis sweet to bend to thee

In meek submission the unconquered soul ;
That to none else would bend the docile knee,
Or yield the sceptre of its proud control.

What is so gentle as a Father's sway ?

What is so pleasing as a Father's praise ?

Be this my highest aim—away, away,

Ye dreams of fame that mocked my earlier days.

Fame! what is it? the halo of a day!

A taper which attracts blind envy's dart;

A breath may quench, a cloud obscure its ray,

Tho' nursed by strife and bitterness of heart.

What is her noblest goal, the highest scope,

The loftiest mark where sweeps her cloudy wing?

It is the doubtful and the distant hope

That, when the bard in dust is mouldering,

His song may reach into some kindred soul;

Some stranger bosom o'er his woes may melt,

Some tear perchance for those he wept may roll,

Some heart may feel what he has known and felt.

The world! O name it not—have I not been

Upon the gilded stage and played my part?

Have I not mingled in the crowded scene

Whose votaries are the hollow, selfish heart?

In the sweet shadow of a Father's love

Here shall I lay me on a Mother's breast;

While hope secures her anchor high above,

Here shall I find unbroken peace and rest.

But I forget my theme and wander far
In the forbidden paths of song again ;
Vain is the struggle, vainly would I bar,
The note of sorrow still invades my strain.
I thought to sing to thee of joy and peace,
With such intent did I attune my lay ;
But since I've breathed of sadness, let me cease,
Nor dim the brightness of this happy day.
It is thy birthday Father, and as such,
Is dear, thrice dear to me, dear to us all ;
The homage of my heart is thine, thus much
Thou'lt not reject, tho' valueless and small.
Ere rose the morning star my slumbers brake,
And my first orison arose for thee !
I may not bless thee ; but Heaven for my sake
Will bless thee twice itself and once for me.
'Tis sweet to kneel upon the dewy sod
In grateful worship to the Deity ;
But, oh ! 'tis sweeter, since he is thy God,
The God that gave, the God that blesses thee.

Stanzas to the Sixteenth of October,
MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

O day of October ! to thee

What blessing of mine is worth giving ?

Yet, take thou a blessing from me

While this bosom, to bless thee, is living.

The gift which thou'st brought from above,

Which Mercy bestowed from His throne ;

May He make it our honor to love,

And value even more than we own.

May no cloud overshadow thy morrow,

No mist ever darken thy dawn ;

And clear as thy skies, free from sorrow,

May the life which thou broughtest glide on :

More bright than the glow of thy birth,

Sweet day ! may thy sunset be yet,

Leaving glory behind it on earth,

To linger long after 'tis set.

Dissolving in dews of the even,
May thy day in tranquillity cease ;
And thus gently may she glide to heaven :
When her sun has set brightly in peace.

To Clarence in Heaven.

My loved, my beautiful, my own,
My darling, and my joy !
Thou art gone ; and empty, cold, and lone,
This heart is left, my boy !

Thou wert the jewel of my breast,
My first and fondest pride ;
With thee unto my bosom pressed
I cared for naught beside.

But thou art gone for ever hence,
And left us but thine urn ;
We saw thy spirit passing, whence
It never can return.

We saw it pass, but power was not,
To hold it, given to men;
Nor dared I lift one murmuring thought
To Him who called it then.

But meekly to His holy will
Bowed my bruised heart, and sore;
And knew not if the earth was still
As it had been before.

Too well I loved thee, woe for me!
Too well—too well, by far;
My erring soul's idolatry,
Its heaven-eclipsing star!

And well this heart deserved the stroke
Which laid it then so low;
That crushed beneath, it almost broke,
But that hearts break not so.

Thy little cot is filled with one
Almost as fair as thee;
But like thee—"oh! there can be none,
Nor half as dear to me."

Thy room once more is tenanted,
Thy toys, thy chair are claimed ;
Another occupies thy bed,
And thou art scarcely named.

But O ! my vacant heart's recess,
Its light what can restore ?
Or what can cheer its loneliness,
Or fill it as before ?

Within that lone heart's chamber now,
Beside its own despair,
There is a radiant cherub brow,
The only inmate there.

No longer do I see thee here
With eyes of loving light ;
Or little footsteps ever near
To glad my aching sight.

No longer do'st thou meet my eyes,
But, far more bright and clear
I feel thy gentle glances rise,
For ever shining near.

Thy steps no longer greet my ear,
Thy tones no longer fill ;
But oh ! much more distinctly near,
Fond memory hears them still.

And closer, closer to me now,
Than thou wert then, thou art ;
Then living by my side wert thou,
Now, in my inmost heart.

But thou, my darling ! thou art blest
'Mid angel-choirs above,
Upon a kinder parent's breast,
More loved than I could love.

Thou'rt blest, and 'tis enough for me
To know thee floating bright,
'Mid ray of glory circling thee,
Thro' fields of living light.

I know this, and my heart is full,
And grateful, thou art free
From earth-born cares ; my beautiful !
Would I were too with thee.

To * * * * during a Long and Painful Trial.

When the early morning breaks,
That of old appeared a bride ;
And the forest minstrel wakes,
And thou not by my side.

Then the rosy morn looks dim,
And the woodland songster's glee,
(As he chants his morning hymn,)
Has no melody for me.

The sun at eve sets bright,
And star by star appears ;
But I cannot see their light
Thro' the mist of gathering tears.

But when thou do'st return,
And we wander side by side,
Then the stars at eve will burn,
And the morn look like a bride,

To Clarence, One Month Old.

My baby Boy ! the daylight flies
And leaves us sad and lonely ;
The evening breeze that round us sighs,
Sighs round thee and me only.

There is one more who should be here,
But he from us is parted ;
Alas ! thy father had been near,
But cruel hearts have thwarted.

Dimly o'er thy cradled sleep
The vesper ray is playing ;
While upon thy slumbering cheek
Thy mother's tears are straying.

But little reck'st thou, baby boy !
Thy mother's burning tears ;
Little reck'st thou, in thy infant joy,
The ills of future years.

Ah ! precious little innocent,
Thou smilest in thy sleep ;
As tho' on life's tossed element
There were no cause to weep.

Yet many cares now rack his breast,
Who yearns for thee my child,
And grief disturbs his troubled rest
With visions dark and wild.

And many a mile now intervenes
Betwixt thy sire and thee,
And he must tread thro' troubled scenes
Away from thee and me.

But lift unto the listening skies
Those hands yet undefiled ;
And ask yon heaven to grant our eyes
A brighter day, my child.

The midnight hour of pain and fear
That ushered thee on earth ;
These sorrows, like those shades appear,
Thou witnessed at thy birth.

O! may this anguish pass away
Like those dim hours of night ;
And joy burst like the dawning day
That opened to thy sight.

To Clarence.

ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

I.

ANGELS are around thy pillow,
Happy dreams thy sleep employ ;
For, like moonbeams on the billow,
Play thy dimpling smiles, my boy.

II.

May'st thou sleep as tranquil ever
Under holy eyes secure ;
Could I hope thy soul would never
Be less innocent and pure.

III.

When that heart, from childhood waking,
Shall with manly hopes expand ;
Could it know no guilty aching,
By attendant angels scanned.

IV.

Could I hope, my darling treasure,
Such thy future lot would be :
O ! what peace, beyond all measure,
Would that hope bestow on me.

V.

Wake, my child, the dawn is breaking
O'er the rapt and dewy earth ;
'Tis the second blest awaking
Of the day that gave thee birth.

VI.

Rise then, bow thy head down lowly,
Bend it lowly to the sod ;
Lift those little hands, yet holy,
Early lift them up to God.

VII.

Ask Him, O my boy, to bless thee,
And receive thy artless prayer;
Now, thus to my heart to press thee,
O'er repays a mother's care.

To "My Mother."

MY MOTHER! great have been thy cares
Since infancy:—
Thy daily tears, thy midnight prayers
Bestowed on me.
All that I have of good and pure,
Is all from thee;
If aught I have of woman's lore,
'Tis all from thee.
If for thy tenderness and love
Ingrate I'd be,
Is there a name below, above,
Too dark for me?

“Parrot of the Far Land.”

HINDOOSTANEE SONG, TRANSLATED TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

From crystal founts I'll give thee drink,

Where many a rosy garland

Hangs o'er the green and grassy brink,

O Parrot of the far land !

O Parrot of the far land !

I'll give thee food and liberty

To soar in yon blue star-land,

O Parrot of the far land !

If thou tell me where he strays,

And why his footsteps wander,

Whose weary ways and sad delays

Have made this heart grow fonder.

O Parrot of the far land !

Bridal Song.

The sounds of the tasa¹ are telling
The hour of the bridal is come ;
The notes of the marfa² are swelling
To welcome the bride to her home.

The " nowbut³ " is now celebrating
The names of the new-wedded pair ;
The silver mohaffas⁴ are waiting,
The day is propitious and fair.

The mehndee⁵ is fresh in its blossom,
The roses are sweet for thy bosom ;
Then cull them while bright, and prepare thee to- [night,
And steep thy white robes in the cussom.⁶

Thou askest the stars what they fate thee,
I ask them thy features, my bride !
Perhaps I may see thee, to hate thee,⁷
The moment we meet shall decide.

What is it to love and adore ?
I never loved woman before ;

O! thine be the duty, with goodness and beauty,
To teach me that holiest lore.

But away with doubt, sorrow, and care,
Good omens the brahmins declare :
The fates have relented—the stars have consented ;
The day is propitious and fair.

Bridal Song.

TRANSLATED TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

May the hour of marriage be happy and blest,
Blessed and happy, and happy and blest ;
May the hour of marriage be happy and blest,
May its brightness be seen like the east in the west.
May the hour of marriage, &c.

[gladness,
Long may thy smile, fairest bride! beam with
Long be all joy near thee, far from thee sadness ;
Be thou happy and blest.
May the hour of marriage, &c.

Song.

TRANSLATION.

At first how fondly didst thou love me, dearest !

At first how fondly, dearest, didst thou love !

The stars bear witness far above thee, dearest !

The stars bear witness, dearest, far above !

But, when this captive heart was fettered to thee,

Thy love how quickly didst thou disavow !

And now, alas ! it is my lot to woo thee,

And it is thine, love ! to disdain me now.

At first how fondly didst thou, &c.

Village Song.

TRANSLATED TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

1.

WE come to adore thee, O Gunga ! thy daughters.

How pure art thou, Gunga, how sacred and holy !

We come with our off'rings to worship thy waters ;

How pure art thou, Gunga, how sacred and holy !

We come to adore thee, &c.

2.

Our hands are all laden with baskets of flowers,

Which every young maiden has brought from her

We come to adore thee, O Gunga, &c. [bowers ;

O ! bless every token and every light blossom,

Unshaken, unbroken, we fling on thy bosom ;

We come to adore thee, &c.

Jakir's Song.

KYA TUCKIA KYA PULLUNG.

There is a sleep—a silent sleep,
Where dreams and visions cease,
Where eyes that wept, no longer weep,
And throbbing hearts find peace.
Oh ! when that slumber comes at last,
What is the downy bed ?
Who asks the silken pillow then
To cushion soft his head ?

There is a sleep that robs the eye
Of all its lightning beams,
To purple turns the crimson dye
Of the bosom's living streams.
Oh ! when that slumber comes at last,
What is the downy bed ?
Who asks the silken pillow then
To cushion soft his head ?

There is a sleep that steals away
The nostril's quivering breath,
To watch that slumber none will stay ;
Call it not sleep, but death.
Oh ! when that slumber comes at last,
What is the downy bed ?
Who asks the silken pillow then
To cushion soft his head ?

Song for the Rains,

TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

My love will cross thy troubled waves
O mountain stream !
Softly flow
O rushing stream !
Thy billows toss, thy water raves,
O mountain stream !
Softly flow,
Go like a dream.

Thy slippery shores are smooth and steep

O mountain stream !

Gently go,

Flow like a dream.

The rain still pours, and thou art deep,

O mountain stream !

Softly flow,

Go like a dream.

Song.

TRANSLATION.

Go where the streamlet is gracefully wending,

Go where the waters are breaking and blending ;

Thy home is afar, girl !

Away from the river,

And yonder's a star, girl !

Beginning to quiver ;

Then hasten away, girl, away from the river !

Haste from the streamlet that's gracefully wending,

Haste from the waters dividing and blending ;

Thy vases of water
Are over full, maiden,
Thy slender waist, daughter,
Bends thrice over-laden ;
Then haste from the river away, gentle maiden.

The Bhowra and the Chumpa.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

As once the night
From morning fled,
And in her flight
The pearls she shed
Lay all unheeded on the flowers,
In happy India's blooming bowers—
Ere the gay morning's glowing sun
Could gather up a single one
Of these sweet treasures, clear and bright,
To give it back again to night—
An opening Chumpa blossom said,
Lifting her golden chalice head,

Fair sisters of the garden, bend,
A moment to my words attend :
'Tis sad of all our lovely race,
Adorned with every witching grace,
That I alone defend my charms
From the rude Bhowra's odious arms.
To see his ugly claws profane
The bosom of the rose, I fain
Would crush him at his banquet sweet,
Or hurl him from his lofty seat.
The jasmine and the lily too
Admit him when he comes to woo :
It fires my breast to see his bliss,
As from their lips he steals a kiss.
He never dares the liberty
Of coming half as near to me ;
My dazzling color blinds his eyes
As from my unbending scorn he flies.
You've often seen him headlong cast,
Stunned by my beauty as he past :
Now, sisters, if you all agree
To take my counsel you shall be,
Like me, from such intruders free.

Follow in all your Chumpa Queen,
Observe my dignity of mien ;
Repel the wretch with cold disdain
Whene'er he flutters here again.
Give him a haughty word or two
When next he comes to each of you ;
Soon will the hateful monster fly,
Shunned and repelled, the wretch will die.
A Bhowra sipping honied dew
From a young rosebud out of view,
Hearing the Chumpa's words of pride,
In bitter accents thus replied :
Yes, gaudy flower, thy glaring ray
May well keep Bhowras far away :—
True, as I past thee by, I fell,
And thou in secret knowest well,
Stunned by thy execrable smell !
Thy yellow hue I hate and dread,
As oft I've told thee while I fled,
The artful snares thou'st meanly spread,—
Thou who with spiders didst combine
To trap me in their meshes fine,

When failed all other arts of thine
T' ensnare these filmy wings of mine :
I spurned thy proffered love and thee,
I hurt thy foolish vanity.
Thus wounded pride hath bid thee speak
What should call blushes to thy cheek :
Had'st thou been silent, I had ne'er
Revealed thy secret source of care.

On Madame B.'s Death.

O ! weep for the rosebud that perished at dawn,
While the sunbeams around it were bright ;
While the dews of the morning still sprinkled the lawn,
And the fields were refulgent with light.

O ! weep for the flower, for its beauty is fled,
And its transient glory is o'er ;
With its fast fleeting colors its spirit is dead,
And the spring can restore it no more.

But, mourn not the friend, tho' she drooped in decay,
While the sunbeams of love shone around her ;
And the dewdrops of friendship still hung on her way,
And a halo appeared to surround her.

In the spring time she left us, and hastened away
With the roses of youth on her brow ;
But her virtues transplanted from earthly decay,
Bloom brighter in paradise now.

To Anne.

I met thee in the festive hall,
The lamps were bright upon the wall ;
But O ! the light of beauty's glance,
That flashed at moments thro' the dance,
Outshone them all, outshone them all.

And yet amidst a scene so fair,
Where love met beauty everywhere,
Why didst thou then appear to me,
With thy mild placid brow to be
The brightest there, the brightest there ?

I met thee in each humbler call
Of life, and then, methought, the ball
Flung not around thee charms so sweet,
As thus amidst the good to meet

 Thee best of all, thee best of all.

It was not beauty's short control,
It was the sweetness of thy soul
Which shed a more enduring grace ;
Not o'er thy eyes, not o'er thy face,
 But round the whole, but round the whole.

Sonnet.

The sun is declining,
 And soon, O ! how soon !
The stars will be shining
 Around the pale moon.

Along the bright river,
 Far, oh how far !
The moonbeams will quiver,
 And tremble each star.

Like the bright river,
True, O ! how true !
Young bosoms quiver,
When love is new.

One image making,
Like ocean, like ocean ;
A thousand, by breaking
With trembling emotion.

Song.

IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

In the silence of the night,
When you hear the owlet cry ;
And the moonbeam dances bright,
Where the rippling waters lie.

In the silent moonlight hours,
While pensively I stray
Thro' the midnight's dewy flowers
That throng my lonely way.

Oft do I marvel,
Where have they flown,

The visions and fancies
That round me once shone ?

The bright dreams of youth
That haunted my brow,
Appearing like truth,
O ! where are they now ?

The dreams are departed,
The visions are fled ;
And I am lone hearted,
Why am I not dead ?

“ Herod's Lament for Mariamne.”

O ! call her back to me again
Before her spirit flies above ;
Quick, minstrels, sing her favorite strain,
And bring me back my murdered love.

Repeat her name loud to the sky,
Repeat it softly o'er again ;
O Mariamne ! if thou'rt nigh,
Thou wilt not hear that call in vain.

She answereth not, she does not come,
Her ear is cold, her voice is dumb.

I'll seek the vaulted sepulchre,
Where they have laid her in the dust,
Perhaps my voice may reach to her,
She may return, she will, she must.

Vain are my shrieks that rend the air,
Vain is the silence of despair!
In vain, with prostrate tears I kneel,
She heedeth not the pangs I feel.

O! bring her from the earth once more,
That I may gaze upon her face ;
Not as I saw it steeped in gore,
Where life had left no single trace.

But bring her as she was before,
With lustrous eye, and soft, fair cheek ;
O! bring her once, once only more,
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I seek.

Let her but say I am forgiven,
Let her but smile on me once only ;

Then, tho' my soul may still be riven,
'Twill not be dark, nor half so lonely.

Song of the Dying.

Love me not, love me not, for this spirit is flying
Fast, fast from this world, to the lands of the blest :
Let my name be forgot, ere you bury it—sighing
In the grave, where you lay my sad ashes to rest.
Love me not, love me not, for I'm summoned above,
And it grieves me to part from your kindness and love.

Disengage every thought from a life that's exhaling,
From a frame that's dissolving untwine every feeling.
Weep me not, weep me not, grief is now unavailing,
Resign what is fast from you silently stealing ;
Remove all your wealth from this crumbling fane,
Lest heaped in its ruins, it buried remain.

Yet love me, O! love me, sweet friends ! for I'm dying,
Soon the green grass shall hide me, and cold earth shall
Too deeply above me, and I shall be lying [lie
Too far in the earth for your love to come nigh.

Yes, love me, sweet friends ! for I grieve to depart
Unloved and unmourned by one faithful heart.

Stanzas.

O sound again that heavenly strain,
And bear my soul away
Far from the noise of heartless joys,
And pleasure's thoughtless play.

That music brings, upon its wings,
A sweet voice back to me ;
'Those tones so clear, again I hear
Like murmurs of the sea.

Tho' mirth resounds, and laughter bounds
My heart cannot attend ;
She is not there, the fond, the fair,
The sister and the friend.

I cannot feel as others feel,
They cannot feel like me ;
I am alone, I am alone,
'Midst joy and revelry.

O let me die, I pine to fly, .

I cannot linger long ;

The worm and gloom of the noisome tomb,

To these I now belong.

I love not to gaze, as in other days,

On the blue of the sunny sky ;

I love not the flowers of my favorite bowers,

Tho' they wear as sweet a dye.

I've turned away from the sunset ray,

I heed not the evening cloud ;

The gentle breast, the lips I prest,

Lie wrapped within their shroud.

They say the dead have shapes of dread,

That their glassy eyes are dim ;

That their hands are cold as the due damp mould,

That their cheeks are sunk and grim.

That their lips are white, that their breath is blight,

Like the blast that nips the bud ;

That the stony touch of their bony clutch.

Would freeze the living blood.

Yet the icy breath, and the home of death,
And it's damp unwholesome air ;
I long to meet, and I'd think them sweet,
Since the heart I love is there.

Mary's Eye of Blue.

When I beheld that stainless brow
In early loveliness of youth,
Where beauty sat enthroned in snow,
Reflecting all the hues of truth ;
While there my fancy sought to trace
The emblems of each mental grace,
Methought thy spirit's heavenly hue
Was mirrored in thine eye of blue.

Thou bad'st me on my bosom wear,
In token of my love and thine,
A silken tress of chesnut hair,
And took'st in place a lock of mine.

How precious then I deemed the tress,
How little dreamed to love it less ;
When time should steal its glossy hue,
And close my Mary's eye of blue.

That silken tress I have it still,
 Tho' precious to my heart no more ;
Thro' every change of good and ill
• It oft recalls those moments o'er :
Yet now I can, without a sigh,
Regard it with a careless eye ;
Since I have found thy soul untrue,
And falsehood in thine eye of blue.

Elegy on the Death of M. D.

O ! look not on the lovely, for they quickly pass away,
Love not the beautiful of earth, they bloom but for a day.

I wept in sorrow o'er the lowly bed,
 Where they had laid thee in the earth to sleep ;
Among the gloomy dwellings of the dead
They left thee there alone, dark, cold and deep !

Sad and deserted was the silent ground,
Where they had made thy home of final rest :
The tall, untrodden grass grew rankly round,
And moss and wild flowers twined upon thy breast.

O ! narrow was the spot that gave thee room,
The turf lay o'er it in a new made heap ;
No foot-worn pathway leading to thy tomb
Told, how the mourner oft returned to weep.

I thought of them, the many that adored thee,
I thought of thee, thy beauty, and thy birth ;
This little heritage did earth afford thee,
Was this thy largest claim, a span of earth ?

Where were thy flatterers now, where were the many
Fond satellites who stood around thee late ?
Where was thy crowd of followers ? Did not any
Remain, alas ! to mourn thy early fate ?

Had Death's sad stroke at once so quite bereft thee,
To whom so many worshippers did bow ?
Was the dark worm the sole companion left thee,
The wild weed-flowers thy only mourners now ?

Breathes there not one lament of woe for thee ?

Wakes there no string to sound thy funeral wail ?

Must the low, sighing wind thy " requiem " be,

Thy dirge the howling tempest and the gale ?

Must the sweet dew of heaven alone weep o'er thee,

Thy visitant the star of evening be ?

Of all who loved, must I alone deplore thee ?

Is this the end of one adored like thee ?

Alas ! the vanity of things of earth,

The dreams of human hopes that pass away ;

Grace, youth and beauty, genius, wealth and birth,

All sink to dust at last, and turn to clay !

Song.

When the day has sunk to rest

On the bosom of the sea,

When a star is in the west,

Then I'll steal away to thee.

When a sound is in the breeze,

And a whisper in the sky,

And a voice among the trees,

And a murmur floating nigh.

When the moonlight shadows tall

Are beneath the cypress tree,

When the dews of evening fall,

Then I'll steal away to thee.

When a music breathes above

Round the starry throne of night,

Like the seraph's songs of love

Round the beacons which they light.

To My Sister

O ! ask not, sister, why I weep
 When music thrills on high,
And morning with her rosy cheek
 Is blushing in the sky.
The shining dew drops gem the grass,
 The sunlight gilds the sea ;
But things so bright, too quickly pass,
 And bring sad thoughts to me.

O ! ask not, sister, why I weep
 When sunset dies away,
And melts into the shadows deep
 That shroud departed day.
When daylight's last expiring beam
 Still fires the evening cloud,
There comes to me a mournful dream,
 Life's closing scene, and shroud.

When twilight sinks, and sable night
 Comes with her starry host,

And angels keep their vigils bright,
And flits each shadowy ghost :
Then, ask not, sister, why I weep,
For tears uncalled will flow,
Night is the emblem of that sleep
Which soon lays bright things low.

A Morning Walk early in September.

Come love, let us rove thro' the fields and the woods,
Thro' pathways secluded and dim ;
Where the wild flowers, peopling the deep solitudes,
Breathe and die to the bee's lulling hymn.

'Tis the moment when tranquil creation attends
To hail the advancing young morn ;
When each lowliest herb a sweet offering sends
On every light breeze that is born.

.

The earth is all green, and the redolent air
A ravishing perfume distils
From the dew-dropping fields, while the rapturous ear
The coel¹ with minstrelsy fills.

The fragrant "jowar"² with their tall slender stems,
And their long ribbon leaves dewy bright,
Hanging languidly down with a million of gems,
Seem rapt in a dream of delight.

Or come to the point of the loftiest cliff,
Where the Jumna rolls darkly below ;
Rushing sullenly, angrily onward, as if
To destroy some adventurous foe.

There, deep in the thicket, or high on the bough,
The "bya"³ has hung up his nest ;
As tenderly courteous, and watchful as thou,
To shelter the mate of his breast.

With what wonderful skill is his palace of grass
Constructed, impervious to rain ;
And luxuriously fitted : the showers may pass,
But his labours have not been in vain.

For so closely the dwelling is woven and knit,
That securely within, by the light
Of their firefly lamps, there the feathered pair sit
On a silken thread, swinging all night.

But see yon big cloud, fringed with amber and gold,
Has curtained the footsteps of light ;
Where the white "bugla"⁴ starts out so brilliantly bold
Against the dark sky in his flight.

Come love, hasten home, for the deep-boding gloom
Foretels the approach of the shower !
'Tis breathless and still as the gates of the tomb,
Let us haste to our own cottage bower.

" You told me once by Moonlight."

You told me once by moonlight
That love was like a bud ;
Whose colors would take soon flight
Beneath a briny flood.

You nourished yours with light, love,
From many a sunny smile ;
A moment it looked bright, love,
Yet faded all the while.

While mine I fondly cherished
With tender sighs and tears ;
See, not a leaf has perished,
The hue undimmed appears.

The dew that comes down nightly
Upon the blushing rose,
Repaints each leaf more brightly,
Yet not a charm o'erthrows.

But 'tis the sunbeam's power,
Seeming to gild the spray,
That subtly robs the flower,
And steals its sweets away.

Thus, like the beam thy smile, love,
Destroyed love's fragile hues ;
Thus have my tears the while, love,
Refreshed mine, like the dews.

Song.

Oh ! tell me not of sweeter tones on many a brighter
Where soft lutes swell the evening breeze, [shore,
While moonbeams tremble through the trees,
And other sweeter things than these
Oft told before.

What land like that where my loved one dwells,
What sound so sweet as a word he tells ?
His accents resemble those musical shells
Where Peris dwelt of yore.

Oh ! speak not of a bluer heaven o'er many a richer
Where golden sunsets gild the sky, [clime,
Where twilight lingers ere it fly,
Where young hearts never break nor die
Before they reach their prime.
Where dark-eyed maidens dance and play,
And sing by night and sport by day,
And laugh their happy lives away
Beneath the vine,

I know no other bluer sky, no heaven more bright than
[this,
There is a lov'd and gentle eye
Bends o'er me here, whose azure dye
Outshines the sunniest summer sky
That ever is.

And the smile of love, oh! its beams outvie
The loveliest tints that can gild a sky :
There is moonlight music in a sigh
That sheds a holy bliss :
And could I choose a dearest land,
I'd make my home on Arab sand ;
I'd love the bleakest foreign strand,
And that should be my chosen land,
If it were his.

The Wreath and the Dream.

I'll twine a wreath to bind my brow,
I'll twine that wreath to-night,
Of roses, roses bright,
And dream Adylas plights his vows
Beneath the pale moonlight.

When first I heard him breathe them
Such was the wreath I bore,
These were the flowers I wore ;
And still again I'll wreath them
Though he may come no more :—
Yes, still I'll twine them round my brow,
And dream Adylas plights his vow,—
And dream it o'er and o'er.

Stanzas.

Thy dream of joy does fancy twine
With woman's smile ? or golden wine ?

Fail not to come ; joy lights each eye,
Thou'lt see no sorrow, hear no sigh.
A friendly hand, warm and sincere,
And words of welcome, flowing
From gentle hearts, shall greet thee here,
From hearts with kindness glowing.
With tender sympathy we'll soothe thy pain,
And give thee smiles instead of bright champagne.

We have no dainties rare to offer,
Nor rich luxurious fare to proffer,
Our humble board is amply spread ;
Glad music wakes our bower,
For when the winged choirs have fled,
I try my harp's soft power.
The proud invite thee ; let no doubt remain,
Wilt thou prefer our smiles or their champagne?

'Twere well could'st thou find social mirth
Among the lofty ones of earth,
But pride and joy can ne'er combine,
Cold formal speech can ne'er give pleasure ;
True happiness is not in wine ;
Mid sweet content come seek this treasure.
" Enough, enough, I yield to that dear strain,
Far, sweeter far those smiles than bright cham-
[pagne."

Stanzas.

O Lady ! sing not now to me
Of sunny childhood's happy hours,
When hearts were free, and fresh as thee,
Or morning light, or summer flowers.

Nor carol yet of hope and love,
Of pleasures gay and giddy crowd,
Of friendship like a star above,
Or sunbeam on a passing cloud.

Oh ! sing not of maturer prime,
With calmer joys serenely rife,
Nor of that louring winter-time,
The sable sunset scene of life.

For thou wilt lend them all a hue
Which youth and hope alone can find ;
But time will prove how false the view,
And truth will undeceive thy mind.

Ah ! once sweet lady, once like thee,
I fondly dreamt of future joy ;
And thought each scene of life would be
Replete with bliss without alloy.

While hope had yet a gift to give,
One bud of promise yet untried ;
Or life a joy for which to live,
I trusted still and still relied.

But time hath taught his lesson well,
And rent the veil that cheated youth ;
And harsh experience broke the spell,
That blent the rigid lines of truth.

Then, lady, sing to me of sleep,
Of peaceful sleep, that none can waken ;
A silent pillow, low and deep,
Where weary hearts at last are taken.

And tell me of another world,
A land of rest, of love and bliss,
Where peace her banner hath unfurled
A world, a home, far, far from this.

Then sing, oh ! sing this lullaby,
And lay the damp earth on my breast ;
And smile, sweet lady, smile to see
The weary lay her down to rest.

And weep not o'er my silent bier,
Nor mourn the heedless dust beneath ;
Why shed the unavailing tear
Upon my narrow bed of death ?

And when the cypress branches wave
In twilight stillness o'er my breast ;
Then sigh not round my lonely grave,
But think the weary one at rest.

Then fare thee well, my spirit flies
To yonder sky, 'tis over now ;
One look, sweet lady, of those eyes,
One kiss, sweet lady, on that brow.

Serenade.

Paler now the moon is shedding
Soft her rays on bower and lake ;
Faint, faint streaks of light are spreading
In the east : wake, lady, wake.

Milder grows the silver beam, love,
Of the lovely morning star ;
Like a fading fairy dream, love,
Like an angel seen afar.

Come while yet that star appears, love,
Darting still its mystic ray
Thro' the jasmine leaves in tears, love,
Where the sportive breezes play.

Now the lily lifts her head
From the bosom of the lake ;
Where her blossoms nightly shed
Treasured fragrance : wake, love, wake.

See the tamarind leaves uncloze, love,
Brighter grows yon mountain's peak ;
And the colors of the rose, love,
Blush like those upon thy cheek.

Paler still the moon is shedding
Softer rays on bower and lake ;
Crimson streaks of light are spreading
In the East : wake, lady, wake.

Fancy and Reason,

A LEGEND.

Once, 'twas on a cloudless night,
When the stars were thick and bright,
And night's vestal planet shone
From her cerulean throne :
And the lake was still and white
Like a flood of silver light :
And the zephyr's fragrant sigh,
(As he kissed the sleeping flowers,

Passing thro' their weeping bowers,)
 Was the only sound came nigh.
 When along the winding way,
 Where the dewdrops shining lay,
 Came a wandering sister pair,
 Like the moonbeam sweetly fair.
 One was stately, sad and tall,
 While her elfin sister small,
 Like a sportive airy sprite,
 Like a ray of morning light,
 Danced around her, full of mirth.
 Reason was the elder's name,
 Fancy might the younger claim,
 Both were children of the earth,
 Both aspired to heavenly birth.

Where a dense and darkened grove
 Sheltered a sequestered cove,
 Was a tiny vessel moored
 With fresh and fragrant garlands stored.
 On the deck the sisters sprung,
 Swift the moorings were unstrung.

Quickly to the gentle gale
Was outspread a silken sail,
On they took their silent way,
While the lovely dimpling play
Of the ripples, in their wake,
Marked their pathway o'er the lake.
Smoothly did the vessel glide
O'er the bright and tranquil tide ;
Fancy with the helm played,
Turning it in every way.
And well the docile bark obeyed
Every freak ; but Fancy's play
Soon had sent the bark astray,
Had not Reason at the bow
Stood to guide her even now,
Piloting their onward course,
Shunning every doubtful source
Of distant danger, with her prow
To one guidance steadfast now.
Thus, said Fancy, while we sail,
Reason, listen to my tale :
Yonder is a fairy isle,

Where the moonbeams sweetest smile,
And the ripples rush before,
Emulous to reach the shore.

'Tis to mortal foot denied
Ever to approach that isle ;
Seamen sailing by its side
Mutter orisons the while ;
But I've often wandered there
On the pinions of the air,
By the starlight's magic ray
When the twilight melts away.
And I've seen such visions bright
As might dazzle mortal sight ;
Forms that might a sculptor mould
In marble outline, true and bold.

Reason never would believe
Nature had inspired the theme ;
Mortals smile to see him weave,
What their ignorance would deem,
Phantoms of some phrenzied dream.
Beings of transparent clay,
Pervious to the light of day ;

Yet warm and soft from nature's mould,
With shining locks of flowing gold ;
Odorous as flowers and twice as fair
 In all their tints of loveliness
Floating on the buoyant air,
 With winged speed, tho' pinionless.
The natives of this Paradise
Speak no language but the eyes,
But more eloquent their looks,
Reason, than thy thousand books.
Once, 'twas on a night like this,
I heard their lutes so sweet, 'twas bliss,
Sooth I'd venture life and main
But to hear the same again.
Hearest thou, sister, hark thee, hark !
Haste thee hither, steer the bark.
Swiftly at the quick command,
Ready with a skilful hand,
Reason to the helm glided,
Steering on as Fancy guided,
While Fancy, springing to the bow,
Bent with eager ear to listen :

"Hark there, Reason, hearest thou
Where the waters brightest glisten—
The mermaid's music, there she dwells,
I knew it by the scattered shells;
Hark, hark, sweeter now it swells."

"Save a sound from yonder shore
Of breaking waves I hear no more."

"Nearer to the shore, draw near,
And thou'lt hear it soft and clear.
'Tis now distinct."

"I hear no sound,
Save the rising breeze around ;"
"Closer to the islet steer,
Mark how sweet, do'st thou not hear,
See'st thou yon glancing light,
Like a meteor flashing bright ?
'Tis the lamp that lights the wave
From the mermaid's lonely cave."

"Naught I hear beside the roar
Of the billows on the shore,
And a murmur, hoarse and dread,
From yon clouds above my head ;

Naught I see of caverns there ;

Naught I see of mermaids fair ;

But I see the breakers' foam,
By the bright phosphoric glare.

Ocean, yield us now a home !

Yonder is the coming storm

Striding with a giant's form,

And I see destruction stands,

Ruin waits on either hand ;

On the left are dangerous sands,

On the right a hostile land.

Death is on, before the bow,

And despair is fast behind,

The tempest, hark ! 'tis on us now.

Mercy heaven ! O heaven be kind !

The Jumna's Victim, or the Minstrel's Dream.

'Tis night o'er Oude's imperial towers,
Not such a night as some may deem it ;
But moonlight, gales, and dews and flowers,
Have made it, as may best beseem it.
And calm the Gunga's waters rest,
And roll away their silent floods ;
While far along her peaceful breast
Is scattered o'er with flowers and buds.
But sweeter far the moonbeam smiles
On Jumna's bright and silver tide,
And round her thousand golden isles
The blue-eyed water-maidens glide.
Some dancing on a sandy shore,
Beguile the hour with sportive mirth ;
Till night and moonlight hours are o'er,
And daylight gilds the laughing earth.
While some are on a shining beach
Enwreathing many a shell they find,

And flowers among the curls of each,
Their laughter comes upon the wind.
But one, a sweet green isle is there,
The brightest, standing all alone ;
For Jumna's nymph-queen, Mynta fair,
Hath made that fairy isle her throne ;
And on it stands her silent bower,
Twined by her sylph-like maiden's hands,
Of many a rare and nameless flower ;
And round the isle are sloping sands.
And on it now there is a group,
And one amidst that beauteous throng,
The loveliest there, whose eyelids droop
Upon her cheek their lashes long :
Her eyes intensely dark and bright,
With downcast glances, half revealed,
Like bright waves dancing in moonlight,
A moment seen, and then concealed.
Her form hath all the matchless grace
That Grecian chisel ever gave,

And none 'mid all those sprites could trace

As fair a maiden of the wave.

Of various dye, and changeful hue,

Her amber locks abundant flow ;

A robe of gold, that screened from view

Beauties no mortal eye may know.

But she, that water-queen, must die,

For she hath loved a mortal youth ;

And often 'neath the midnight sky

Hath listened to his vows of truth,

And tales of constancy and love,

Forgetful of the stars above ;

Forgetful of her vestal vows,

Hath pledged her to an earthly spouse,

And told the secrets of the deep,

The hidden things the waters cover ;

The spells that 'neath the billows sleep,

Betrayed unto her mortal lover.

And now she has nought left but to die,

For on a stormy night of gloom

A voice was heard to prophesy,
That Mynta's was an awful doom.
The murky tempest did not cease,
Till Amphitrite's fairest daughter
Vowed, as a sacrifice of peace,
To yield herself to Jumna's water.
And she, before this night is o'er,
Must sleep beneath the Jumna's wave.
The gentle nymphs her fate deplore ;
While decking Mynta for her grave ;
And many a treasure is unrolled,
And many a costly pearl is twined
With azure flowers and shining gold,
Which they amid her tresses bind.
And she, altho' her hour is near,
Cheers those around her with a smile ;
And, dashing off a falling tear,
She helps to build the funeral-pile.
While weeping Ino wanders round,
And tunes her lyre thro' very sadness,

Which pours so sad, so sweet a sound,
That almost turns her grief to madness.
Away she flings the crystal lyre,
And kneeling at fair Mynta's feet,
She falters out,—“ That funeral pyre
I'll die, not thou, my sister sweet,
Or suffer me to die with thee,
'Twere worse than death to live without thee ;”
“ Oh ! weep not Ino, thus for me,
Thou lovest me well, I do not doubt thee ;
But 'tis in vain, my doom is fixed.”
Then, with a smile, where grief was mixed,
Young Mynta sighing, sadly left her :
But Ino wildly shrieked and fell,
For misery's depth had quite bereft her
Of power to utter one farewell.
Then snatching swift the fatal flame,
They fire the heap in Jumna's name ;
And while the lambent flames arise,
'Mid outstretched arms, and weeping eyes,

The victim springs upon the pile ;
The red flames tinge the distant sky,
A mingled shriek is heard on high,
And ripples in the moonbeam's smile
Are all that's left of Mynta's isle.
No mark remains, where it had been,
To tell of Mynta's gentle reign,
While in the depths no ray has seen,
She sleeps upon her islet green,
And ne'er is seen, or heard again,
Together in their parent-wave
The isle and sprite have found one grave.

The Greek Girl.

A vessel once from English land
Sail'd on her ocean way ;
Upon her deck a merry band,
Around her ocean's spray.

Yet in that scene of jocund mirth,
There stood from all apart
A stricken daughter of the earth
With broken hopes and heart.

I leant against that vassel's side,
A maiden said to me :
That day when in her gallant pride
She rode upon the sea.

I saw that sorrowing stranger there,
And sooth my heart was wrung
To see such woe in one so fair,
So beauteous, and so young.

I hastened to the friendless one,
To soothe her anguish fain ;
She saw me not, she heeded none ;
Wrapt in her dream of pain.

I stood there by the stranger's side,
And marked her youthful mien,

While pity's trembling tearful tide
Rolled down my cheek unseen.

Her eye was fixed, her lip was pale,
She bent towards the shore ;
And murmured softly to the gale,
“ Farewell for ever more.”

“ Farewell to thee,” the wanderer sung,
In a low thrilling tone,
In her own native Grecian tongue,
“ Beloved, I go alone.”

“ Farewell, farewell,
The billows swell,
And whisper to the freshening wind.
The sails expand,
The distant land
Flies swiftly, swiftly far behind.

The streamers play,
The showery spray
Sweeps o'er the winged vessel's prow,

Before me lie
The main and sky,
Mingled in watery distance now.

The rising gale,
The bending sail,
Are all I see, I hear no more ;
And yet I seem,
In fancy's dream,
To linger still upon that shore.

To linger there
In cold despair,
While all around looks bleak and dark ;
As when I stood
In mournful mood,
Before I turned to reach my bark.

My heart beat chill,
I feel it still,
I seemed a thing for all to spurn ;
Like vessels tost,
Whose anchors lost,
Are driven by gales ne'er to return.

There past along
The beech a throng,
A listless crowd was on the strand ;
I looked around
To catch a sound,
Or, greet some kindly pressing hand.

But, on they passed,
None cared, or asked,
Whither the stranger girl would go ;
None said adieu,
No friend I knew,
They seemed to triumph in my woe.

England farewell !
'There's none to tell
What thou and thine have been to me ;
Unfeeling pride
Shelter denied,
Have sent the homeless out from thee.

Thy God is gold,
Thy hearts are cold,

And harder than thy rocks can be ;

The great afar

Thine idols are,

The stranger hath no home in thee.

My kindred ties,

My native skies,

My sunny home lie far away ;

Yet there was one,

For whom alone

I lov'd thy cloudy rocks of grey.

But 'tis in vain

Still to complain,

Thus all bright things must ever pass ;

The fondest nursed

Are lost the first,

We see them go, and cry, alas !

“Come, pour thy sorrows in my ear,

I've known what misery is,

Sweet girl,” I cried, “and every tear

I'll wipe off with a kiss.”

Oh lady kind !
Thou canst not bind
The broken vows that false lips spoke ;
But tears have balm,
That oft can calm
The tumult of a heart that's broke.

And undenied,
She softly cried,
My hapless tale shall be to thee ;
In Scio's Isle,
I dwelt erewhile,
Beside my native Grecian sea.

But there came one,
Whose false lips spun
A wily web around my heart ;
A British youth,
Who spoke of truth,
Where is he now that I depart ?

I left my home
With him to roam,

Forgot for him my own lov'd skies ;
Now o'er the sea
From him I flee,
And he hath looked in other eyes.

I thought his breast
Was honor's nest,
And faultless as his brow's fair hue ;
His soul as pure,
And thus secure,
I trusted one who ne'er was true

Save in my love,
Which like a dove,
That on a tomb once seated her ;
And thought her wings
Were tainted things,
Beside the whiter sepulchre.

He led me where
An altar fair,

Arrayed in purest white, did stand ;
The holy priest
Our nuptials blest,
The golden circlet clasped my hand.

And, who could dare,
What lip declare,
That rite a mimic form to be ;
Those vows unblest,
That altar drest
With purest white in mockery.

That priestly sage,
Dissembling age,
There, but to make the scene complete
Those hoary years
To lull my fears,
And crown the bridal counterfeit.

Yet such it was,
And heaven's laws

Were turned the plots of guilt to meet ;
And thus abused,
Profanely used,
And made subservient to deceit.

That shrine was feigned,
Those vows were stained
By falsehood in its foulest guise ;
That worthless ring,
A fraudulent thing,
That bride, a dupe to blackest lies.

Yet then I deemed
'Twas true, nor dreamed
Of aught, save joy along my way ;
But joy soon fled,
My dream was sped,
And clouds obscured my summer day.

I saw him sigh,
When I was by,

With downcast and averted gaze ;
Some flow'ret rare,
Wove in my hair,
Could scarcely win a look of praise.

Oft did he gaze,
As in amaze,
To meet in me one long forgot ;
I searched that face,
In vain to trace
The love which he remembered not.

I sung to him,
While gathering dim,
The tears stole down of bitter thought ;
If life be lone
With one our own,
How lone when by that one forgot ?

A maiden fair,
With golden hair,

He said, would soon become his bride.

“Thy bride! thy bride!”

I wildly cried,

And stood bewildered by his side.

“What then my lot,

And am I not

Thy wedded and thy chosen one?

In mercy speak,

My heart will break,

What dost thou mean, what hast thou done?”

And then a word

His voice uttered,

It called me by a fallen name;

It told me how

False was his vow,

He falser—I betrayed to shame.

What since befel,

I know not well,

For reason reeled, and grief went wild ;
And dark and drear
Those hours were,
Till pitying heaven in mercy smiled.

The storm at last
Of grief was past,
And wakening from my phrenzied trance,
I'll seek, I said,
This rival maid,
Her heart is young and kind, perchance.

I saw her, oh !
The mountain's snow
Was not more dazzling fair than she ;
Her eye was blue,
Like flowers that grew
And bloom at moonlight in the sea.

With proud command
She bade me stand

Without, nor taint the air she drew ;
 Tho' scarce my veil
 Could half conceal
My matron plight from careless view.

 I quickly told
 The cares tenfold
That crushed and rent my bruised heart ;
 When at the close
 She sternly rose
And harshly bade me thence depart.

 Yet thus bereft,
 One hope was left,
The morrow brought a mother's joy ;
 And on my breast
 I fondly prest
My new-born bud, my infant boy !

 When day was gone,
 And night came on,
The wintry sky grew stormy black ;
 The morning hour

Welcomed my flower,
The night wind howled its coronach.

Loud was the gale,
The shelter frail,
The thunder roared with crackling din ;
Thro' walls of wood,
That rattling stood,
The frozen rain came beating in.

With anxious eyes
I watched the skies,
The tempest passed, but morning's ray
(That last gave breath)
Now came with death,
And looked upon my darling's clay.

Now, hope is gone,
She lingered on,
The last spot where her step could stay ;
Till it sunk below,
And quenched the glow
Of her glittering torch ; then fled away.

I took the stranger to my breast,
Her fainting soul to cheer ;
And soothingly her brow caress'd,
And kissed away each tear.

But 'twas in vain, for fleeting fast,
She hastened to depart ;
And slowly still her spirit pass'd,
And mocked the skill of art.

Yet still the quivering soul hung on
The threshold of the clay—
One moment bright, then fading wan,
As lamps expire away.

At length the Grecian isles appeared
At sunset hour in view ;
And as the stately vessel neared,
Cleaving the waters blue ;

The dying girl looked on her skies
And her loved native shore ;
Then calmly closed her aching eyes,
And opened them no more.

To My Album.

O Album ! when thy beauties first
Delightful on my vision burst,
As each new charm mine eye beheld,
How high my throbbing bosom swelled ?
With memories of each faded trace,
Each glory lost, each former grace
Of thy degenerate fallen race,
Who in their primal simple state
Were all that made them truly great,
Records of literary lore ;
Memorials sweet of ages o'er ;
Devoted to the lofty nine,
In lowly garbs 'twas theirs to shine.
But now their gilt descendants rise,
And think their loftiness too wise
To tread the path their fathers trod,
And treasure gems on classic sod.
Mean sycophants—to beauty's eyes :—
A courtly list of flattering lies

Which fawning parasites will write,
And beauty deem as true as light,
Is all to which they now aspire,
Nor deem their fortune could be higher.
But thee, I vowed, I would reclaim
From such a servitude of shame ;
I vowed, how rash soe'er my vow,
For I could not endure that thou
Should'st pass thro' every common hand,
By every idle eye be scanned.
I vowed, how poor soe'er my state,
Thou should'st not share thy sisters' fate,
And I should meekly stand
To think thy pages should be turned,
And spattered o'er with ink unlearned,
By every witless blundering bard,
Who in distorted rhymes could pour
The torrents of his chiming lore
On any page ill-starred.
I'd sooner watch thy pages burned,
And happier view their dust inurned,
Nor deem my fortune hard.

To think, that every mushroom-friend
Of yesterday, who could pretend

To daub and spoil at will

A snowy leaf of thine, might claim

To soil and stain in friendship's name,

With neither taste nor skill.

Away rude thought, even in a dream

I would not once indulge the theme.

And thus I've kept thee bright and free

In all thy new-born purity ;

And if thou hast no treasured gems,

No classic flowers on fabled stems,

At least thou'rt dedicated

To artless nature :

Here the muse

Her infant hand essayed to use,

And genuine truths related :

If ever yet a friend I've known,

And sooth I've met but few, I own,

Her friendship here is noted,

Alas ! not by herself we find,

For none have now remained behind ;

But some are dead,
And some are wed,
 Whose names herein are quoted.
And those that slumber in the dust,
 What tho' they moulder in the earth,
Dost thou not keep the pictured bust ?
 Hast thou not records of their worth
 In thy fair leaves inserted ?
Which bring back hours of past delight,
And oft hath memory in the night,
Assisted by thy gentle light,
 To those sweet hours reverted.

Song.

Lady ! why, in silent anguish,
 Pensive roamest thou alone ?
Wherefore does thy dark eye languish,
 Whither hath its lustre flown ?
Emma seeks thee in thy bower,
 ' Neath the jasmine's fragrant shade ;

Tell me why, my drooping flower,
Lonely dost thou weep and fade ?
Come, forget thy grief and sadness,
Round thee many bright things be ;
Ella come, shed light and gladness
O'er the hearts that sigh for thee.

The Beara Festival.

Upon the Ganges' overflowing banks,
Where palm-trees lined the shore in graceful ranks,
I stood one night amidst a merry throng
Of British youths and maidens, to behold
A witching Indian scene of light and song ;
Crowds of veiled native loveliness untold,
Each streaming path poured duskily along.
The air was filled with the sweet breath of flowers,
And music that awoke the silent hours ;
It was the Beara festival⁵—a feast,
When proud and lowly, loftiest and least,

Matron and Moslem maiden pay their vows,

With impetratory and votive gift ;

And to the Moslem Jonas⁶ bend their brows.

Each brought her floating lamp of flowers, and swift

A thousand lights along the current drift,

Till the vast bosom of the swollen stream,

Glittering and gliding onward, like a dream,

Seems a wide mirror of the starry sphere,

Or more, as if the stars had dropt from air,

And in an earthly heaven were shining here,

And far above were but reflected there.

Still group on group advancing to the brink,

As group on group retired, link by link ;

For one pale lamp that floated out of view

Five brighter ones they quickly placed anew ;

At length the slackening multitudes grew less,

And the lamps floated scattered and apart,

As stars grow few when morning's footsteps press,

When a slight girl, shy as the timid hart,

Not far from where we stood, her offering brought,

Singing a low sweet strain with lips untaught.

Her song proclaimed, that 'twas not many hours.

Since she had left her childhood's innocent home ;

And now with Beara lamp, and wreathed flowers,
To propitiate heaven for wedded bliss had come.
One of our band, touched by her gentle air,
Cried, "what is it she sings?" One who stood there
Then rendered him in his own native tongue.
Thus artlessly the simple words she sung :

SONG.

Home of my childhood, fare thee well at last,
The hour is come, the fatal die is cast ;
A pilgrim I go forth, O heaven ! watch o'er me,
A dark career, a world unknown before me.

My bark is launched on life's wide sea,
The sails are spread, the moorings free,
And the helm is set for eternity.

Never to alter
That onward track ;
Never to falter,
Or trace it back.

Rough is the path o'er which my steps shall be,
A stranger pilot guides my bark from thee ;
And thy frail nursling must contend with strife
Upon the stormy ocean waves of life.

And tho' she'll oft look back again
And sigh for thee, 'twill all be vain ;
Thou'lt be too far to heed her strain,
Too far from me
To hear my cry ;
Too far from thee
For thy reply,
But thou, great Khauj Kheddir,⁷ to whom I pay
My fervent vows, convey my prayers above,
Give me fair offspring, and from day to day
A happier home of peacefulness and love.
O ! let my lamp but shining pass yon tree,
'Twill bode thou'st looked propitiously on me ;
O ! bright lamp mine, float gaily on,
Shine to the last till thou art gone,
O hope, O fear !
My heart beats fast ;
Shine bright and clear
Unto the last."

How eager eyes all watched the lonely light
As jocundly it glided out of sight ;

But was the omen's promise all fulfilled ?

O ! who may say, perchance it was, perchance

In vain, the maiden all her hopes did build

Upon it, and with disappointed glance

Saw them all fade away. Such is, alas !

Many a heart's sad history ; let it pass.

Rock of Jungeera.

Rock of Jungeera ! dark is thy brow,

Deep is the gloom that encircles thee now ;

The mists of the tempest have shrouded thy height,

The dark clouds are mantling thy temples in night :

The storm sweeps above thee, the waters below,

But thou hast withstood them, inveterate foe ;

And thou canst withstand them triumphantly still

Alone on thy mist-covered throne rugged hill.

The wide conquered waters subdued at thy feet,

Like a bright lovely mirror, deep, placid and sweet,

Embrace thee in homage as onward they flow ;
But trust not their treacherous smile as they go.
For 'neath the smooth surface, so glassy and fair,
Untamed and impatient they rage in despair ;
But, beware when, with tenfold accession of force,
In the flood-time they sweep with precipitous course,
And dash down against thee with giant-like shock ;
Then mock them unshakenly obdurate rock.
And rejoice in thy power thou proud rugged thing,
For they shall not o'erthrow thee, immoveable king.
But woe for thee, wert thou some meek bending willow
Wooing with tears the implacable billow.
Ah ! woe for thee then, for vainly thou'dst sue,
In the flush of their victory they'd bear thee down too ;
Deaf, deaf to thy pleading, and deaf to thy cry,
Thou like others a victim to tyrants should'st lie.
Then glory, Jungeera ! but glory in fear,
Know who planted thy strong roots eternally here.
O rock ! 'tis with mortals even thus as with thee,
The mighty are worshipped with servilest knee ;
But the lowly, O ! speak of them never again,
Who heedeth such chaff, it is thus amongst men.

Rock of Jungeera ! dark is the hour,
I view thee now standing in grandeur and power ;
But even in the brightest and sunniest time
That ever illumines our fair eastern clime,
There lingers around thee a sadness and gloom
That vainly e'en morning may strive to illume,
But, now while the stormy, dark shadows enshroud thee,
And the mists of the tempest so mournfully cloud thee,
How darkly majestic thou seemest to be !
And I think there are bosoms as sullen as thee,
How brightly on thee did yon sunbeam now burst,
And now it has left thee as dim as at first.
Like thee, I have sorrowed to see it depart,
And the last ray of sunshine that lit on my heart
Has left me as yonder bright ray left thee now.
Rock ! there are hearts far more lonely than thou,
Yet I love thy dim aspect of desolate woe,
For thou seemest less rugged and frowningly so ;
But O ! in the soft tranquil shadows of even,
Around thee there breathes more a spirit of Heaven.
For then in the silent decline of the day
Thy hermits stands high, on thy summit to pray ;

How sweet are the sounds, and how solemn his tone !
As he lifts up his voice to the Mighty's high throne.
Like the fragrance of incense his orisons rise,
Like the dews of the morn they ascend to the skies ;
And sweetly his accents of thanksgiving fly,
And the hymns of his praise are re-echoed on high.
And, when twilight has tenderly melted to night,
From the shrine on thy brow, then there glimmers a
[light :
Pale, sparkling and lovely tho' faint, yet how bright,
'Tis the emblem of him, of his fervour and prayer,
Who watches in silence and solitude there.
'Tis the light of his love, in the gloom of the even,
Like his soul pointing upward, still upward to heaven,
And when tempests are howling, and storm showers
[fall,
Like him still it turns to the Giver of all ;
More darkly the shadows around thee now dwell,
Rock of Jungeera ! I bid thee farewell.

The Fbied Harp.

The cord that rung sweetly, has ceased to ring,
The cold blast of sorrow has severed the string ;
The harp that sung softly hangs mute by the deep :
The stern voice of anguish has hushed it to sleep.
Around and around it the ivy has clung,
Yet silent it hangs there, untuned and unstrung ;
O ! where is the minstrel who tuned it before
To magical numbers ?—speak Africa's shore,
For there unremembered the Poet is laid :⁹
No marble to cover, no willow to shade,
Untombd and exposed to fierce Africa's ray,
Is the spot where reposes her hallowed clay.
She sleeps there, afar from the land of her birth,
In a grave scarce distinguished from commonest earth ;
Scarce marked, save alone by a rude level plot,
Laid with coarse earthen tiles to discover the spot ;
Intersecting the beaten and narrow bye-way,
Where feet undiverted tread o'er it each day ;
Round the name of the minstrel while laurel leaves
[wave,
Rude strangers profanely are trampling her grave.

Long years have rolled o'er her, with sunshine and
[rain,
But the voices of spring cannot wake her again ;
It is well, for again could the minstrel awake
To behold the unkindness her heartstrings would
[break.
But the spirit is departed of heavenly flame,
Whose halo illumined the temple of fame,
To regions from whence it can never return,
Neglect as ye will the cold dust of the urn.
Then rest secure, England ! thy accuser is far,
E'en her ashes repose 'neath a strange foreign star,
Then rest thee unquestioned, there's none to upbraid
[thee,
Since they dare not to tell thee the things that degrade
[thee,
The living thou feedest with vain empty breath,
And 'tis thus thou rewardest thy children in death.

Stanzas.

I knew thee when thine eye was bright
As ocean's polar star,
Nay dim appears the loadstar's light,
Thine eye was brighter far.

Thy brow was spotless as the leaves
Of water-lilies are,
Nay many a stain their cup receives,
Thy brow was whiter far.

Thy cheek was like the blushing rose
Round summer's flowery car,
Nay many a streak its petal shows,
Thy cheek was lovelier far.

Thy ruddy lips were like the hue
Of rubies in the mine,
Nay pale the ruby's color grew
Beside those lips of thine.

In early youth I knew thee, when
Thy charms were folded still,
Beloved, and well I loved thee then,
And since, thro' years of ill.

We parted with our love untold,
I left thee smiling there,
And roamed afar in search of gold
And wealth with thee to share.

But, like a seal upon my heart,
Thine image went with me,
In vain might ocean billows part,
My thoughts were still with thee.

I've roved thro' many an altered scene,
Thro' far and foreign lands,
And gazed since then on skies serene,
And traced the desert sands.

I've stood beneath the orient palm,
Beside the northern pine,
And gazed on southern lips of balm,
And eyes as bright as thine.

But none of these had power to loose
My spirit from its truth,
For, still there rose in radiant hues
The vision of my youth.

And nowhere could my soul find rest,
Tho' brighter scenes might be,
And naught could hush my craving breast
Till I returned to thee.

And now, tho' changed by care and years,
I see thee once again ;
I love thee in thy autumn tears
More than I loved thee then.

Far more beloved, I love thee now,
Than in thy smiling youth,
For, stead of joy then on thy brow,
More beauteous now shines truth.

O ! then his faithful heart repay,
Who far o'er land and sea
Hath roved, yet in his wandering way
Still turned from all to thee.

Tityghur.

Fair Tityghur ! whose ever verdant shores,
Whose green banks mirrored in the glassy tide,
Eternal spring has robed in flowery pride,
Like that lost Paradise which man deplores,

Of which in childhood's days we sometimes dream,
While yet the heart of heaven retains a gleam ;
 Sweet nook, where peace and bliss sequestered dwell,
Removed from vain ambition's toilsome round,
 Say, with what lingering looks I bade farewell
To thy dear shades, where oft at early prime
My steps had wandered in the silent time,
To hail the freshness of the fragrant hour
When zephyr softly wakes each sleeping flower.
And that especial morn most bright of all,
O memory ! once again let me recal :
 The sky is calm,
 Serene and blue,
The air is balm
 That shakes the dew,
In sparkling showers
 Of silver spray,
From bending flowers
 Along my way.
The waters cease
 Their angry roar,
And glide in peace
 Along the shore ;

The shores around
In silence sleep,
Low and profound,
Profound and deep.
A murmur comes
Upon the breeze,
Breathing sweet tones
Among the trees,
And tells the soul of brighter things
Than these in its soft whisperings.
Red banners float
In graceful pride,
From many a boat
Along the tide,
And music, hark !
I heard it swell,
From yonder bark
It softly fell.
And now again,
With plaintive sweep,
That melting strain
Steals o'er the deep.

When life is young, and day thus fair,
'Tis sad that hearts should feel despair,
And weep and pine when all is gay,
And sigh their happiest hours away.
Alas ! for those who turn to night
The azure sky, the golden light,
And in the sound of music hear
The farewell of some voice that's dear.
And feel but in the glowing ray
The memories of some happier day ;
And in all bright things only see
Past dreams of joys, no more to be.
I've known of such, alas ! for them ;
To thee once more Bengala's gem
Again I turn—By Cynthia's beam,
How sweet to rove beside thy stream,
Along the margin of the flood,
Besprinkled o'er with many a bud !
Or, seated on a flowery knoll,
Behold the shining waters roll,
While countless fire-flies dance around,
And glow-worms glimmer on the ground !

Those on the boughs, like sparkling flowers,
These mimicking the starry bowers,
Sweet Tityghur ! I must not dwell
On these dear scenes of bliss,—farewell !

The Day of Life.

One day, in the season of sunlight and flowers,
I strayed with young Pleasure in search of Delight,
Where butterflies roved thro' the jessamine bowers,
And dew-scented orange-buds perfumed the light ;
On the bright bubbool blossoms of blood-sprinkled gold
The bhowra was wheeling his reckless career ;
The pale coriannas began to unfold,
And each in its tiny cup held up a tear ;
The woodland voices bursting round
The budding groves with rapture filled ;
And thro' the golden air the sound
Of universal music thrilled.
The dewdrops sparkled in the sun
Like twinkling stars, now lost, now gleaming ;

The grass with countless crystals shone,
I wandered, half awake, half dreaming.
Long had I strayed thro' bower and grove,
When lo! a winding pathway led
To where a fairy arbour wove
Its leaves and blossoms o'er my head :
A thousand flowers were blooming there,
Whose fragrance filled the amorous air ;
A thousand birds of gilded wing
Among the boughs were heard to sing ;
And o'er the stones with diamond spray
A silver streamlet danced away ;
And while the zephyr's playful art
Removed the trembling leaves apart,
The sunlight poured on golden floods,
To peep at all the opening buds.
Pleasure gaily took my hand :
" This is the enchanted land,
Here, mid all that's fair and bright,
Dwell one long and happy day,
Tasting every sweet delight
Till the sun has past away."

Around the scene my glance I threw,
And dazzled by the glittering view,
A moment to my bosom owned,
Yes, here delight must be enthroned.
And now I turned my thoughts to see
And mark each object carefully :
There blushed, with ruddy cheek, the rose,
In all the pride of loveliness
And conquest o'er her rival foes,
Who owned her queen, themselves not less.
Here tulips, robed in gold and red,
Woody every sylvan minstrel's lay ;
There sweet-pea bowed her drooping head
And blushed, for 'twas her bridal day ;
And lilies, pale with hopeless sighs,
Lament the loss of paradise ;
And butterflies of every hue,
With painted wings, were fluttering through.
I marked them well with eager eye,
Then said with half a smile and sigh :
These flowers are scattered far and near,
But could I make a glittering wreath

Of all the brightest blooming here,
And those that have the sweetest breath,
That wreath around my forehead prest,
With song and music floating round.
Reclining here, I'd sink to rest,
Lulled by that streamlet's silver sound.
With this intent I snatched a rose,
The first that came within my reach,
When lo ! a streak of crimson shews
The hidden thorns that lurk in each.
Releasing, with a cry of pain,
The floweret I had sought to gain.
If thus my hand it mangles now,
How deeply will it wound my brow ?
I murmured low, and turned my eyes
To seek once more an easier prize.
The tulip next, with bright array,
Allured my wandering steps away.
Strong is the spell of beauty's power,
And every grace adorned that flower.
I knelt, oh ! who would not adore
When beauty claims her rightful part ;

Yet who, alas ! would not deplore
That beauty's sheen should cheat the heart.
For matchless tho' from far each hue,
How altered was the nearer view.
The cup I had perfection thought,
Was marked with many a stain and blot,
And lacked that store of balm and sweet
The heart would there expect to meet.
And now, with a dejected sigh
And disappointed soul, I went ;
But soon a smile lit up my eye,
And gladness thro' my bosom sent ;
For in this sweet enchanted land
There grew a flower that breathed of heaven ;
But from its stem 'twas scarcely riven,
When lo ! it withered in my hand.
And now with lingering steps I stood
Beside those flowers in mournful mood,
To watch and breathe their sweet perfume ;
But transient was their short-lived bloom.
Since scarce the buds a moment shone,
Expanded in the sunny ray,

When withering slowly, one by one
They drooped their heads and died away.
And now a winged boy appeared,
Weeping o'er the flowers he reared ;
Weeping o'er their early doom ;
Weeping o'er their blighted bloom.
I turned away, like him, to weep,
And sought to drown my woes in sleep ;
Reclining on a couch of grass,
I let the hours unheeded pass ;
And lost in mournful musing, sate
Lamenting o'er the ills of fate.
'Twas sultry noon, the air was still,
Save the low murmur of the rill,
Whose music ne'er was half so dear
As now it fell upon my ear ;
And told of something sweet and calm,
And cool and clear, and full of balm.
No longer did it dance along,
With sparkling spray and merry song,
As did its waters in the dawn,
But tranquilly 'twas rolling on,

The gilded butterflies were dead,
Each flower began to droop its head.
Awakening from my reverie,
 I hastened to the brooklet's side,
And there beheld, what seemed to me,
 A blossom floating o'er the tide.
Oh ! who may paint the joy I felt
 As pleasure thrilled my heart once more ;
And long my gaze upon it dwelt,
 When stooping low, and bending o'er,
I sought to bear away the gem,
And stretched my hand to grasp the stem ;
But who may feel the pain I felt,
 As hope deceived my heart once more,
When swift the vision seemed to melt,
 The flower was gone, my dream was o'er.
Again I sought my couch of grass,
And sighing bitterly, " Alas !"
I sank to sleep, and when I woke
 The sun was sinking in the west ;
No sound of song the silence broke,
 The birds had long since gone to rest ;

The crystal streamlet near run out,
Had sunk into a trickling rill;
Where was its clash and liquid shout?
Its leaping spray? Now all was still,
And hark! a gently dripping fall,
That made sweet music in the air,
A winding silver thread was all
Remained to tell it still was there.
And now its plaintive murmurs came,
And seemed to tell my heart of sadness;
And breathe in mournful tones my name,
And ask, where were those dreams of gladness?
Where were those hopes which on that morrow
Had smiled? Alas! they were departed!
And I was left in silent sorrow,
Forlorn and almost broken hearted.
The very nightwind as it kissed
Each closing blossom with a sigh,
And from the fragrant sweet Ceriste
Brought many an odour floating nigh;
Even while its fragrance softly stole
Upon the air, depressed my soul.

The trembling moonbeam's dreamy light
Was gleaming thro' in fitful streams ;
The night flowers ope'd their petals white,
As sweet and fair as angels' dreams.
While thus in pensive mood I lay,
And pondered well on each event,
On all that hope whispered would stay,
On all that came, on all that went,
On all that bloomed and pass'd away
Upon that fatal, fatal day,
A vision thro' the shade was seen,
Of queen-like form and lofty mien ;
A moment, and 'twas by my side,
And in a deep and solemn tone
Pale Meditation softly cried,
'Tis sweet to meet thee thus alone.
Why dost thou weep ? Dost thou regret
That we in solitude have met ?
Or dost thou mourn the parted day
Which bore all that was bright away ?
Is it not sweet thus to recline,
Attending to a voice divine ?

Is it not sweet to hush thy soul
While all around thee breathes of peace,
And Philomel has sung the knoll,
That bids each human passion cease ?
And hast thou reaped no wholesome fruit
From all that thro' the day befel ?
Hast thou not found the golden root
Of all thou'st seen ? or must I tell ?
Then hear my voice :—That glittering bower,
Where Pleasure, smiling, took thy hand,
And led thee on from flower to flower,
Life's scenes are that enchanted land.
The crystal stream that danced beside,
Was youth in all its springing tide ;
The dew and sunlight of the morn
Are those bright feelings which adorn
All objects with a heavenly hue,
While yet the heart is young and true,
But which the rude world wipes away
Too soon, and leaves the earth but clay.
The butterflies that fluttering went,
Youth's transient term may represent.

The rose is deemed the type of joy,
Which every hand that strives to gain,
Must feel the rankling thorn's alloy
That turns the pleasure into pain.
The tulip, beauty's emblem, shone
With dazzling lustre all her own ;
That lack within of balm and sweet
Which thou inside the cup didst meet ;
That stung thy soul with keen despair
To find so much was wanting there.
All these denote the empty mind,
The thoughtless head, the trifling heart ;
Which dwell where we had sought to find
The richest and the dearest part.
The faults and stains that met thine eyes,
Upon a closer view may tell
That, save in dreams or paradise,
Perfection centred cannot dwell.
That flower to which no name was given,
Whose buds scarce bloomed but drooped and [died,
Was love, a habitant of heaven,
Whom suited not that bower's pride.

If e'er on earth those flowers grow,
 'Tis in the haunts of silent peace,
On mountain sides or vales below,
 Where virtue dwells and passions cease.
But those that wear the sweetest bloom,
And shed the holiest perfume,
Are in the hermit's lonely cave
That overlooks the ocean wave.
The flower that o'er the streamlet hung
 At noonday hour to charm thine eye,
Was only friendship's image flung
 A passing moment from the sky.
For tho' she sometimes cheers life's stream
 By her reflected form awhile,
It flies as quickly as a dream,
 But leaves a moral with her smile ;
Which tells us all that's sweet on earth,
 And good and pure, has heavenly birth ;
That tho' we sometimes see them here,
 They dwell but in their native sphere.
They teach our footsteps not to roam ;
 They point us to our heavenly home.
The spirit passed, the moon's pale beam
 Was all remained,—'twas but a dream !

When Friends look cold.

When friends look cold and strange
In sorrow's trying hour,
And hearts and glances change
When chill misfortunes lour.

O say what balm can heal
The pang of trust betrayed?
For sharper far than steel
Is falsehood's keener blade.

When those we once thought true,
As thee till now I deemed ;
While life in sunshine flew,
And joy and fortune beamed.

When these, as false as thee,
Affliction's moments shun ;
As thou didst fly from me,
And leave us one by one.

Where shall we turn, bereft,

For sympathy and love ?

Is there a haven left ?

O yes, there is above.

And there at length we find

A hand to wipe each tear ;

And God the hearts can bind

Which men have broken here.

Then trust not friends of earth,

Who fly in time of care ;

Who cleave to us in mirth,

And leave us in despair.

On the opening of the Ganges Canal at Roorkee.

Whose are the ambrosial wings that thro' the trees

With eager speed awake this sudden breeze ?

What voice of music fills the ambient air ?

Whose is the brow more than Aurora fair ?

What aerial form sweeps thro' the morning sky
And dazzles day with each resplendent dye ?
Whose radiant pinions east to westward span ?
" I am the genius of proud Hindoostan !"
Spirit of my native land, whence comest thou,
Peace on thy wing and sorrow on thy brow ?
From Roorkee's plain I come, O child of earth !
Where, mid a thousand shouts of joyous mirth,
Rejoicing ' Ind' beheld the glorious birth
Of that prodigious offspring of our Queen,
Great Gunga ! bride of British science seen,
Whose young Canal mature hath burst its bands,
And flows redundant over thirsty lands.
Not often, O thou daughter of this clay,
Hath India welcomed such another day :
Not oft a boon like this hath been bestowed,
Whence peace and plenty have so richly flowed,
As from this marvel, this Canal shall flow,
When thro' the sultry plains its waters go.
Unnumbered blessings shall its course attend,
And follow wheresoe'er its waters wend ;
And parched and sterile tracts in smiling green
Shall robe themselves where'er its path is seen.

While pinching famine onward flies before,
Chased by young health along its verdant shore ;
And fertile meads and waving fields shall rise,
And man to Heaven shall lift his grateful eyes,
Where barren wastes and stunted shrubs now stand,
While rich abundance crowns the teeming land.
Thou tell'st me, spirit of a mighty work,
Beneath whose blessed shades ripe harvests lurk ;
But here's no cause for sorrow, tell me how,
Whence comes this gloom upon thy gentle brow ?
Child of the earth, thou seest but like the rest,
Hearest as they hear, art blest as they are blest ;
Content to share the ripe and golden fruit,
Forgetful of the patient toiling root.
Think'st thou this vasty deed, this high event,
Was ripened in a day t' accomplishment ?
Knowest thou not that arduous lagging years
Have fostered the result which now appears ?
That minds o'erwrought within the worn out breast
Have in this task sunk wearily to rest ;
And offered life a victim to the hour
Which should behold matured this work of power.

Yet wonderest thou to see upon my brow
The shade of sorrow—hear me, mortal, now !
There's none more grateful, more rejoiced can be,
Than I this miracle of art to see.

The vast design was nobly, wisely planned,
And proudly cherished by a fostering hand ;
And well, full well the issue hath fulfilled
The fondest hopes aspiring hearts could build.

But where is he, of ever enduring name,
Who watched the silent germ, till it became
The first and dearest purpose of his soul—
Life's last and only object and its goal ?
He was not there —the gentlest and the best
Of my adopted children of the west ;

And when I stood beside the sacred tide
In that bright hour of triumph, joy and pride,
And saw the gay and glittering pageant there,
And heard the thousand shouts that filled the air,
And marked the giddy throng assembled far
To hail the ever-conquering British star,
Victorious and triumphant o'er each bar ;



Nor heard one murmured recollection rise,
One benediction lifted to the skies,
To him, the absent and forgotten dead,
Forgotten ere his clay be perished,
My soul grew sad, that 'midst the crowd was none
Cried heaven bless Thomason ! his hopes are won.
All ranks stood there—the proud, the great, the small,
The ill, the good ; but he, the best of all,
He was not there, whose glance was wont to fill
Each eager fawning eye with gladness still,
Whose mild and graceful smile was wont to call,
Where'er it fell, an answering smile from all ;
He was not there, yet none remembered him,
Tho' in that scene, without him cold and dim,
Stood many who had sunned them in his smile,
And grew and prospered into note the while :
Who now were basking in another ray,
And scarce remembered that which pass'd away :
And few were there who had not reaped some part
Of good for ever flowing from his heart ;
Who had not shared some benefit conferred
By him who scattered gifts in every word,
And save in erring kindness never erred.

Yet at that moment there was none to raise
One murmured blessing in his absent praise ;
Whom living many hailed with loud acclaim,
Yet dead ne'er dared to breathe his whispered name.
O daughter ! think thou if such be the fate
Of buried rulers, mighty, loved and great ;
What flesh so favored can escape the doom,
Or live one day, one hour beyond the tomb ?

To Mamma.

My life is now a visioned sleep,
Through which I dreaming wander on ;
As then I wept I cannot weep,
Nor feel as in the moments gone.
A drowsy spell is on my heart,
A sense of dulness o'er my thought,
Yet still as dear as then thou art,
And thou wilt never be forgot.
O thou, through many years, who yet
Could'st never see a fault in me ;
Who wert my star when hope had set,
And left but twilight memory.

O thou whose fond and faithful breast
My port of safety still hath been,
Where oft my shattered bark found rest
When shelter no where else was seen.
And have I wove a chain at length
That binds me to another land ?
And have I built up rocks of strength
On thy once sweet now dangerous strand ?
Yet tho' those frowning rocks may bar,
And tho' restrained by links of love,
Still, still I'll steer towards thee as far
As those dear links will not reprove.
And O 'twill be no fault of thine
If, in the strife of storm and wave,
And angry rocks and surging brine,
My little bark should find a grave
And wreck upon that very sea
That sheltered it so oft before ;
At least 'twill sink in sight of thee,
At least its wreck will strew thy shore.
Angelic being ! Fare thee well,
There is an azure sky above,
Till there we meet at last to dwell,
Farewell my sweet, my mother, love.

Lines to Sister S*****

ON HER RECEIVING THE RELIGIOUS HABIT,

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1842.

Come forth, O bride of heaven, arrayed in all thy nuptial
[pride,
In floating robes of snowy white, illustrious young bride,
The chosen and elect of Christ, oh highly favored one ;
The angels e'en might envy thee, thou happy blessed nun !
A thornless path is thine, young bride, secure from every
[snare ;
Behind thee with the abandoned world thou'st left its
[grief and care,
Thou has left thy father's halls and come, altho' that
[home was dear,
And thou hast found a happier home, a kinder Father here.
Within this home of holy calm and innocence thou'lt find
That peace the world could never give,—serenity of mind ;
Thy cheek is pale with holy love, thy queenly form is bent ;
What cause is there for thee to blush, pure as the firma-
[ment ?

Thy heart is calm within thy breast, no troubling passion
[near ;

There's joy within thy heavenly eye, why should'st thou
[shed a tear ?

Oh happier far than earthly brides, in thy exalted fate

Thou hast not the two only ills of earth to contemplate.

The ills of parting and of change thou hast no need to
[dread ;

No death or change can sever thee from Him whom thou
[hast wed ;

The evil words of envious ones can never come between

To disunite the spouse by whom thy inmost soul is seen.

Go forth ! then, from the fane ; go forth into the cloister
[now,

With peace within thy holy heart, and peace upon thy
[brow ;

Rejoice in thy high destiny, thy bridegroom is divine,

The Prince of the celestial hosts, O maiden blest is thine !

Lines on My Father's Embarkation,

DECEMBER 18TH, 1856.

“ O barque that spreadest thy snowy wings

“ On the morning breeze to fly,

“ O linger ! for our hearts' red strings

“ Around thee twisted lie,

“ What bearest thou in thy breast away,

“ Unkind and fleet-winged barque ?

“ Hear me a moment, stay, O stay,

“ My aching sight grows dark.

“ Return, return, and give us back

“ The prize thou bearest on ;

“ We trust thee not, retrace thy track,

“ Alas ! Alas ! thou'rt gone.

“ But no, ah ! no, I see thee still,

“ Thy white sail still I view,

“ Bear on our treasure if thou will,

“ But oh ! be stout and true.

“ Be resolute, and firm, and strong,

“ And tho' the way be rough and long,

“ Restore him as we gave.”

- " I am stout to meet the angry sea
 " When in billowy foam it raves ;
" But 'tis fearful odds when a speck like me
 " Has to battle with giant waves—
" Right loyally I'll breast their rage,
 " But it is not mine to say,
" When such unequal foes engage,
 " What fortune ends the day.
" And tho' I stand the billow's shock
 " That drowns me with a crash,
" I cannot brave the hidden rock
 " Whereon its force may dash.
" Go deprecate the stormy deep,
" Propitiate its wrath."

" Great ocean to whose generous breast
" Our wanderer we commend,
" O rock him as a babe at rest,
" Whose mother lulleth it."
" I'm calm and smooth as beauty's glass,"
 Replies the solemn deep,
" Till stormy winds above me pass,
 " And rouse me from my sleep.

“ Go bid the winds their rage restrain,

“ And curb their frantic glee,

“ And not molest my peaceful reign,

“ I’ll be as calm as thee.”

“ O winds unto whose tender care

“ Our pilgrim we resign,

“ Breathe round him every gentlest air

“ And softest breeze of thine.”

“ I am softer than an infant’s kiss,

“ Or a lover’s faintest sighs,”

Exclaims the wind, “ but I howl and hiss

“ At the mandate of the skies.

“ Like all creation I obey

“ A mightier will than mine ;

“ To heaven for prosperous breezes pray,

“ Commend the loved of thine.

“ There’s one alone can help or save,

“ His helpless subjects we,

“ The God who first thy loved one gave

“ Can bring him back to thee.

“ And if his wisdom deems it right

“ To spare him to thee still,

“ His love is equal to his might,

“ His potence to his will.”

“ Lord of the universe to Thee
“ Our dearest one we trust,
“ There bend Thy gracious ear to me,
“ An atom of the dust.
“ And grant this prayer thro’ tempest wild,
“ And wind, and ocean’s strife ;
“ Restore a father to his child,
“ A husband to his wife.”

Gaiṇ na kahu ke ṇa dil—O heart did I not tell the

TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

O heart, did I not tell thee ?
Beware of thee hereafter,
One day this smooth deceiver
Will mock thy tears with laughter.
Now pride can only steel thee,
And hope can ne’er restore thee
Thy peace, O heart ! or heal thee ;
And death alone can cure thee.

O sad heart, and forsaken,
 Yet heed my latest warning,
 As thou didst love the lover,
 With scorn repay his scorning.

THE HEART'S REPLY.

" To love when loved, is human,
 " But in its generous blindness
 The godlike heart of woman
 " With love repays unkindness.

Poetical Letter to Mrs. A * * * * *

I greet you, lady. I received
 Your missive, which hath much relieved
 My mind of doubts, that you were nought
 But some fair myth by fancy wrought.
 Is it true then, and can it be,
 That earth contains a soul like thee?
 Alas! so very like a dream
 Thy coming and departure seem.
 I almost fear that some rude hand
 Will wake me from a happy sleep,
 And truth, at reason's stern command,
 Dispel the visions I would keep.

But then I cast my eyes around,
And there, upon the abandoned ground,
Are traces of the vanished tent
Whereon my thoughtful gaze is bent.
And, searching inward, there I find
Some jewels thou hast left behind,
High thoughts and holy words that dwell
Within my bosom cherished well.
That more than outward marks to me
Attest the fond reality,
Thou art no fancied shape of dreams
To vanish with the morning gleams ;
No bright, illusive beau ideal,
But loving, true, unchanged and real ;
And I shall see thee yet again
To know and love thee better then ;
O my dear Lady,—writing dear,
My heart cries dearest low and clear,
But then 'tis always best to show
Less than is felt,—than once to know,
You feel not half of what you say,
O my dear Lady, therefore, pray,
Think of me sometimes as you may,

And when your nightly prayer is given,
Repeat my lowly name to heaven,
Thus wilt thou, when at closing day
Thy better thoughts resume their sway,
Think of me, tho' I merit not
From thee—from any one—a thought,
For I, with traits of good and ill,
And all my faults, I love thee still ;
And will, tho' fate and distance sever,
Affectionately yours, be ever

MARY CARSHORE.

To Clarence in his Grave.

Ah ! did I ever dream,
While thou wert with me shedding light and bliss
In every tender gleam,
Of thy dear eyes, in every infant kiss.

Did I then dream that we
Should quit that home thou mad'st bright, to find
Another far from thee
More blest, and that thou should'st be left behind,

Be left behind alone

To slumber on the solitary plain,

With but a sculptured stone

Upon thy breast to tell where thou art lain.

O Hermit, sleeping there

Beneath the solid house that stands above,

Whose dwelling none may share,

Except the ghost of fond maternal love.

What tho' removed so far,

My spirit haunts that ever sacred spot,

There memory's treasures are

Too dearly valued to be e'er forgot.

And tho' I may not steep

Thy urn with tears of grief o'er past delight,

Around it still I creep

In dreams and waking fancies of the night.

I see the slender grass

Around thy sepulchre still sigh and wave,

More blest than I, alas !

To sigh beside thy solitary grave.

I see across the sky

The bending trees their branches o'er thee stoop,
More privileged than I,
Above thy silent tomb they still can droop.

I see the earth where lie

Thy precious relics in their sacred rest,
Ah ! happier far than I,
It still can hold thee on its parent breast.

Song.

In the morning of life, when my young days flew
On the pinions of light,
In a dream that was bright,
Of the beautiful cheeks of my Leila.
Then I dwelt in a garden where roses grew,
And were blushing so fair,
They enamoured the air,
Like the cheeks of my beautiful Leila.
And so passed in a gaze
Upon roses my days,
In a dream of my beautiful Leila.

In the evening of life's weary lingering hours,
With despair at my breast
By a star in the west,
Now I weep as I dream of my Leila.
For her cheeks and my roses are faded flowers,
Both are withered and wan,
Both are perished and gone,
And I weep as I dream of my Leila.
For her beautiful eyes
Now illumine the skies,
But extinguished on earth, Oh my Leila !

Song.

AIR—ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

Thou slumberest in a stormy grave
Thou ever gentlest one, and blest ;
Unfitted was the troubled wave
To be thy place of lowly rest ;

Thou should'st have slept in earth's green lap,
With summer flowers above thy tomb,
And scented roots and fragrant sap
Around thee when they bloom.

ANSWER.

" Mine is a fairer sepulchre
" Than the dark earth could e'er bestow ;
" No storms or tempests ever stir
" My bed of peace far, far below.
" But starry flowers have made it bright,
" And soft, as in dream of love,
" Comes the sweet summer noonday's light
" Through the deep sapphire sea above."

Lines to a Withered Shamrock.

" O say, thou withered leaf and sear,
Where sprang thy parent stem ?
On what sweet shore did'st thou appear
A green and living gem ?

What field or hedge did'st thou adorn

O poet's hallowed leaf ?

In what wild meadow wast thou born,

Or proud domain of chief ?”

“ Upon a Western Island fair,

“ Old ocean's brightest gem,

“ I sprang to breathe the forest air

“ Upon my parent stem.”

“ How cam'st thou hither, withered leaf,

“ Across the rolling sea ?

“ A messenger of joy or grief

“ Hast thou been sent to be ?

“ Frail traveller of the watery waste,

“ With spells of memory fraught,

“ O'er deserts wild, o'er oceans traced,

“ What errand hast thou brought ?”

“ A sister culled me for her prize

“ On Erin's sainted shore ;

“ The tears that filled her deep blue eyes

“ Were almost rolling o'er.

" She sent me to beguile and cheer

" An exile's pilgrimage ;

" And like a seal affixed me here

" Upon her written page.

" I've told the exile's heart a tale

" Of childhood's fields and flowers ;

" I've told him of his native vale,

" And of his boyhood's hours.

" The music of the lark and thrush,

" His own loved Island tongue,

" Have in one wild melodious gush

" Fond memory's echoes rung.

" The violet's scented breath I bade

" To sweep across his soul ;

" The voices of his home I made

" Around his heart to roll.

" I've told him that unchanged and true

" Are those he left behind ;

" His native breeze around him blew

" And bore him there in mind.

" I've shewn him where his childhood played,

" Each field and glen and hill ;

" The dim and fragrant hawthorn shade,

" The lane unaltered still.

" I've brought unto his face a smile,

" And gladness to his heart ;

" And taught him to forget the while

" An exile's weary part."

" O blessed art thou, thou withered leaf,

" Thy mission pure and high ;

" And tho' thy verdant bloom were brief,

" Thou'lt live when others die."

To My Daughter Violet.

To have seen thee, as I've seen thee,

Who could e'er thy charms forget ;

To have loved thee, as I've loved thee

Darling little Violet.

Truly never, dreamed I ever,
So to love another yet ;
But thou'st won me, and undone me
With thy jet eyes, Violet.

All thy wiling, and thy smiling,
Round my heart have flung a net ;
O'er it weaving, to it cleaving,
Pretty baby, Violet.

Ray like glancing, wave like dancing,
Wave where evening winds are met ;
Sometimes darkling, sometimes sparkling,
Witching, fairy, Violet.

Tho' thou may be but a baby,
How thy sweetness haunts me yet.
In my bosom, like a blossom,
Honey-scented Violet.

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING.

Notes to the Tale of Cashmere.

1. "Yet all is not false what the minstrel has sung."

The natural beauties of the valley are of course here alluded to : the climate is one of the finest in the world, and the rare birds, the rich fruits, and the delicious flowers, cannot sufficiently be extolled ; but as to "young people" meeting in "cool, shining walks" by moonlight, after having slept out the day "and waked to moonlight and to play," and "maids and matrons" leaving their "veils at home" and wandering about at night to amuse themselves, it is all as little like truth as the tales of the Arabian Nights, though it sounds very sweet in a poetical romance. It is marvellous how travellers delight in misleading people with their incredible "facts" of other countries, and above all, it is wonderful with what facility these monstrous facts are received when they relate to the East. This class (that is the travelling) are to be blamed of course, not Moore, for any mistakes of the above kind.

2. "With sport, love and music, with dancing and play."

I must here notice that the dancing girls are of the most degraded class of females. No virtuous or respectable girl understands dancing. For a man it is the greatest insult to be asked if he could dance, and tho' there may be one or two so lost to all sense of manly dignity as to join the dance in the shameless insolence of vice : these may be regarded as rare exceptions and the worst of reprobates.

3. "Where is the sahala flower."

The sahala flower is the bridal wreath of the natives.

4. "Noor Ufshan."

Noor Ufshan is a name common among the better classes, it signifies scattered sparks, or rays of light.

5. "Of ill who slew her wooer."

The word "slew" may seem out of place here, but I have used it as the common and malicious way in which the women of this country taunt the unfortunate, whether widow, as in this case, or mother. If a mother lose her children by death they will say she has eaten them.

6. "Her Queen thy minist'ring servant she."

I have known several instances in which the first, and, as we would consider, only lawful wife has been obliged to yield all her rights and become the (even sometimes willing) slave of the second, third, or fourth favorite.

7. "Four spousals given the right to claim."

Such is the Mussulman idea of morality in this country, that while it is considered a breach of propriety for a widow to marry again, a man's marrying a fourth wife, while the first is living, is accounted quite admissible. I speak of this country, as I am ignorant of Mussulman law in its native unadulterated state: here it is so completely mixed up with Hindooism, that it is hard to distinguish any material difference in some of the practices of the two creeds.

8. "For offspring had been yet denied."

The great anxiety for an heir among the Orientals has so often been the theme of writers, that it scarcely needs a comment, except so far perhaps, as to mention that those wedded or unwedded unfortunates who fail in this respect, are subject to every degradation, while such as are fortunate are held in the highest esteem. A woman who has never had children, or has lost such as she has had, is shunned by matrons and mothers, and her presence is considered unlucky at a birth or a marriage, whereas a woman who can boast of a large family, is welcome every where; her refuse linen is supposed to be beneficial in its effects, and is used to obtain a like blessing on those who touch or wear it.

9. "Noor Jehan loves the valley's roses."

Noor Jehan is the same Noor Mahal, the deathless heroine of Moore's immortal song. It was customary for the Emperors to move out in camp in the season for roses, namely, those particular roses from which rose water and ittar gul are extracted, which occurs in the cold weather, therefore it is not unlikely that the imperial pair were tempted to seek the valley to enjoy the delightfulness of the season and the fragrance of the roses at the identical period of our tale.

10. "He joined the careless song and dance."

Let not this be supposed to be a contradiction to what was stated in the note to the line "with sport, love and music, with dancing and play." The virtuous young people are not allowed to mingle together in the dance, but to be present at a dance is not more common or fashionable than amongst us, but the ladies and gentle-

men are separately regaled with these graceful but not always delicate representations, and Hafiz Ali may be supposed to be one of the reprobates mentioned above, who might even be wicked enough to join in the dance.



Notes to Hindoostanee Songs.

1. "Tasa" is a musical instrument formed of an earthen vessel with goat or other skin drawn over the face of it, to answer the purpose of a drum.

2. "Marfa." A similar instrument of a large kind.

3. "Nowbut." A complete band.

4. "Mohaffa." A species of litter for carrying a bride.

5. "Mehndee." Henna or Indian myrtle.

6. "Cussoom." Safflower.

7. "Perhaps I may see thee to hate thee."

It often so happens that the bridegroom having fondly pictured to himself a lovely being whom he is about to behold his own, is presented with an ugly or deformed woman, older than himself. This is not unfrequently the case when bribery has been resorted to induce the match-makers to give a favorable misrepresentation of a long unmarried daughter: Such a disappointment must naturally lead to unhappiness and dislike. When the pair, however, are betrothed in childhood, while the girl is not subjected yet to rigid confinement, the boy has a chance of forming a correct judgment of the kind of wife he has to expect. These marriages are generally more fortunate.

Notes to Miscellaneous Pieces.



1. "Coel." A migratory bird that comes in and goes out with the mangoe season. It has a most melodious note, and its sweet woo-woo is the first song heard in the morning.

2. "Jowar." The Indian corn; it has a long stem and leaves like puckered green ribbon, whose edges in the morning are literally fringed with dewy pearls.

3. "Bya." A small yellow bird about the size of a sparrow, that weaves his nest of fine long grass and lights up the interior with fire-flies, and loosely suspends a thread or long grass through the centre, on which the pair sit and swing at night. Identical with Moore's "luxurious bird of the East."

4. "Bugla." A species of white crane.

5. "It was the Beara festival." Much has been said about the Beara or floating lamp, but I have never yet seen a correct description. Moore mentions that Lalla Rookh saw a solitary Hindoo girl bring her lamp to the river. D. L. E. says the same, whereas the Beara festival is a Moslem feast that takes place once a year in the monsoons, when hundreds and thousands of females offer their vows to the patron of rivers.

6. "Moslem Jonas." Khauj Kheddir is the Jonas of the Mussulman: he, like the prophet of Nineveh, was for three days inside a fish, and for that reason is called the patron of rivers.

7. "Khauj Kheddir" stands high as patron saint, there are considerable fairs held in his honor.

8. "Thy hermit." A hermit dwells on the rock of Jungeera, and is supported by the alms of all who pass: to collect which he hovers round each boat as it passes, in his little skiff, imploring the bounty of the traveller.

9. "For there unremembered the poet is laid." This alludes to the grave of L. E. L. which lies sadly neglected, and I have not a whit exaggerated a description I read of it lately given by a visitor at the Cape.

